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THE JONES SECOND READER

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THE

JONES SECOND READER

BY

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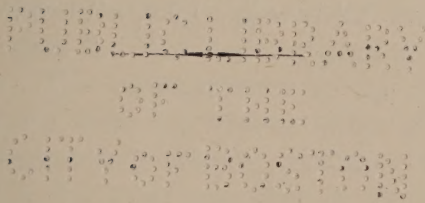

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PREFACE

Each book in a Series of Readers should begin with work easily understood by the children of the grade for which it is prepared, but should push rapidly beyond the present limits of the pupils' interests and capabilities, thus becoming an important factor in the developing life of the children who use it.

The Second Reader makes a distinct advance from the First Reader of this series in the range and character of its vocabulary and in the difficulty of its subject-matter. The attention of pupils may now be held through a longer narrative; and a much fuller treatment may now be given to ethical problems, looking toward the formation of ideals of life and conduct.

Good literature correctly interpreted teaches its own lessons. When the child has learned to love good literature, he absorbs the life-giving elements from it as naturally as he takes the health-giving portions from the air he breathes. The subject-matter of the Second Reader has been drawn from the various fields of thought and action which especially interest children. Care has been taken to have the ideas embodied in the subject-matter of sufficient variety to assist children to interpret nature and life as exemplified in their daily environment.

Following similar work suggested in the First Reader, careful attention should be given to articulation, vocalization,

enunciation, and pronunciation. The larger part of this work should be done through inspiring pupils to right effort in the process of actual reading rather than by drill apart from the reading act.

However, as the work proceeds, it becomes necessary for the pupil to become self-helpful in the matter of learning to pronounce new words. The full development of this power requires that some analysis of words into sounds be made, and that the pupil be taught a system of diacritical marking. The diacritical marking thus learned will enable the teacher to give much help in pronunciation of new words by the free use of the blackboard. Through the use of such a system the pupil as he advances becomes able to use the dictionary to assist in learning pronunciation. At first the pupil should learn but a few of the most important marks, depending chiefly on the teacher for help, but growing steadily in his power to help himself. By the time he has finished his Second Reader he has inferred the leading principles which govern the pronunciation of simple English words; but it is waste of time to insist at this stage upon any formal statement of rules. What is needed rather, is that through much practice there should grow up in the mind of the child an instinctive tendency toward correct pronunciation. Later the reasons may be seen, and the system of marking by which the exact pronunciation is represented in the dictionary may be learned.

State Normal College,
Ypsilanti, June 1, 1903.

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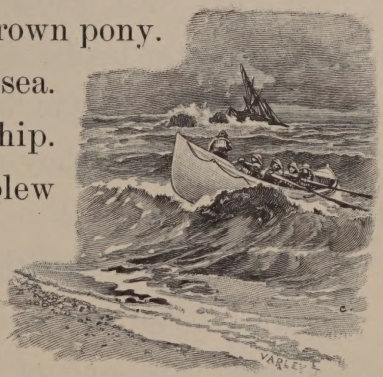
CHARLES COPELAND.

THE

JONES SECOND READER

THE BROWN PONY—I

pet po'ny rough sharp sure



Pet was a wise little brown pony.

She lived across the sea.

She came here in a ship.

One night the wind blew the ship on the rocks.

Some men went out from the land in a boat to see if they could help those on the ship.

The waves were not very high then, but the wind would soon make the sea rough again.

Then the ship would be sure to go to pieces on the sharp rocks.

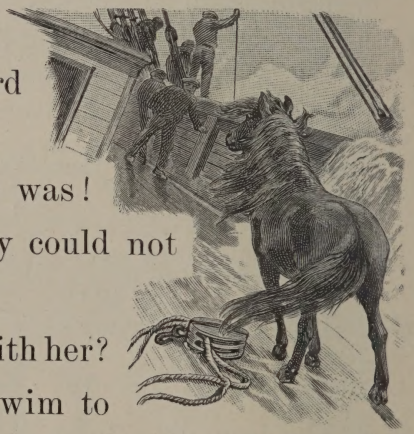
THE BROWN PONY — II

per haps′ straight noth′ing fright′ened com′ing

The men on the ship saw the boat coming.

"Come," they said; "let us get away as soon as we can."

"Are we going to leave Pet behind?" asked one of them.



Poor Pet! they heard her noisy little hoofs.

How frightened she was!

They knew that they could not take her in the boat.

What could they do with her?

"Perhaps she can swim to the land," said one of the men to the others.

Yes, Pet could swim very well.

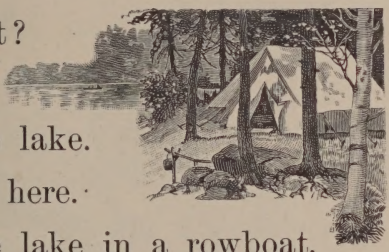
She swam straight toward a high sand bar.

Soon she swam to the dry land.

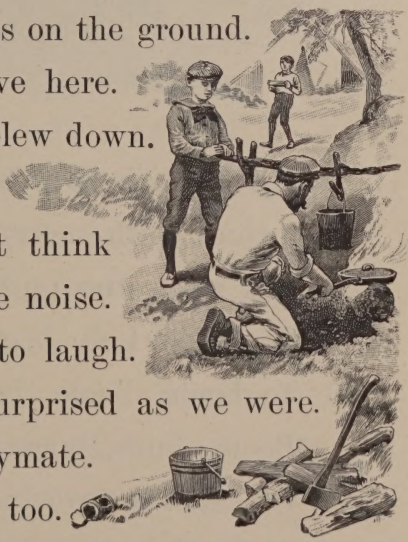
Nothing was too good for Pet then, you may be sure.

OUR CAMP

tent be gan′ camp goes blan′kets cook



Do you see our tent?
It is pleasant here.
We are near a little lake.
We often camp out here.
We go out upon the lake in a rowboat.
Father goes with us when we go out to fish.
We cook the fish over a fire on the rocks.
We sleep on blankets on the ground.
It is fine fun to live here.
One day our tent blew down.
That was fun too.
At first I could not think what had made all the noise.
Then father began to laugh.
He was as much surprised as we were.
Father is a fine playmate.
He is a good cook too.
We are always hungry when we camp out.



THE BUMBLEBEE

bum'ble bee	din	pur'ple
boom	need	rov'er

My name is Mr. Bumblebee,
I come with merry din;
For when the purple flowers I see,
Oh, then I do begin
To boom, boom, buzz, buzz,
Boom, buzz, boom!
Oh, I'm a rover in the land
And all I need is room!

PROMPT OBEDIENCE

quick stood pour'ing wait'ed o beyed'

One day Mary and her mother crossed the little stream that came from the pond.

The stones and sand were white and smooth.

"May I play in the water?" asked Mary.

"Oh, yes, if you turn up your dress so that it will not get wet," said her mother.

By and by there was a noise like thunder.

It seemed to come from the pond.

"Quick, Mary! Come here!" said her mother.

Mary did not stop to ask why.

She ran to the place where her mother stood.

Then she turned to look back.

The stream was pouring down over the rocks.

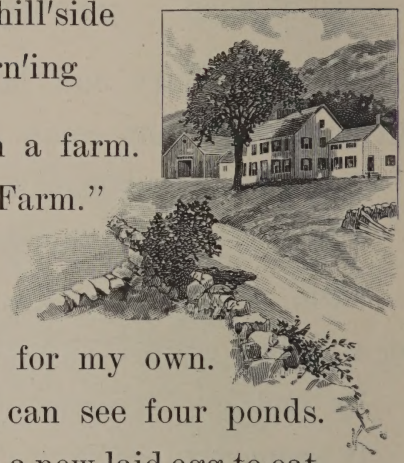
The great water gate by the dam was open.

"If you had waited," said Mary's mother, "you might have been carried down into the river. I am glad you obeyed at once."

There is not always time to ask why.

THE FARM

aft'er most laid hill'side
win'dow farm morn'ing



My grandpa lives on a farm.
I call it "The White Farm."
The house is white.
It is on the hillside.
I have a little room for my own.
From my window I can see four ponds.
Every morning I have a new-laid egg to eat.
Most of grandpa's hens are white.
His cows, too, are white, and he has a white horse.
There are sheep and lambs on the farm.
One night some strange dogs tried to kill the sheep.
Our old dog ran after the strange dogs and sent them away.
One of the lambs was hurt.
Grandpa brought it home and gave it to me.

THE TWO GOATS

an oth'er	goats	climb	plan
min'ute	pass	these	lay
bridge	foot	on'ly	lie

It must be fun to climb as these goats do.
They are mountain goats.
They climb high rocks where no man can go.
Once two goats met on a bridge over a river.

The bridge was only an old tree.
There was no room for one goat to pass by the other.

There was no room to turn round.

They could not go on and they could not go back.

So they began to quarrel.

"How stupid we are to quarrel!" said one of the goats at last.

"We shall never get across in this way.

If I lie down, you can walk over me."

"That is a good plan," said the other goat.

"I will walk as gently as I can."

So the first goat lay down on the bridge.

He kept very still.

The other goat put down one foot very softly. Then he put down another.

In a minute he was across.

Then the first one jumped up and went on his way.

"How wise we were to think of this plan!" said the goats.

"Some goats would fight if they were to meet on such a bridge."

AN ARAB BOY

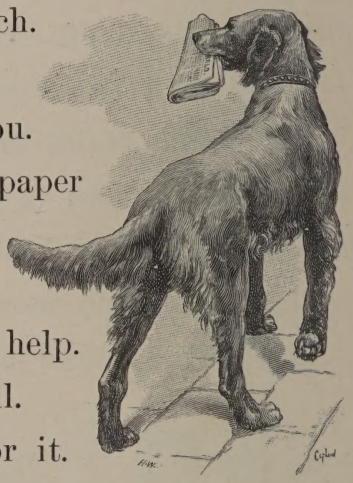
Ar'ab snakes coun'try li'ons roar

My home is in a very warm country.
I live in a tent. Our tent is made of skins.
At night I can hear the lions roar.
I am not afraid, because they are far away.
They are afraid of our camp fire.
I am afraid of snakes.
Our snakes do more harm than yours do.
One day I found a snake in our tent.

He was drinking some milk.
He did not see me and I ran away.
We have many goats.
They give us milk.
We have a very fine horse.
I can ride on horseback.
All Arab boys learn to ride.

THE USEFUL DOG

read′y use′ful mouth
pa′per bark



My dog is named Watch.
He is a fine watchdog.
He will not bark at you.
He is carrying father's paper in his mouth.
Watch is very useful.
He is always ready to help.
One day I lost my doll.
I looked and looked for it.
"Can you find it, Watch?" I asked him at last.
He ran down to the pond.
When he came back he was carrying my doll in his mouth.
He brought it to me and laid it down gently.
"Thank you very much," I said to him.
You should see him wag his tail when I say "Thank you."

THE FOX AND THE SMALL RED HEN

for'est laughed wall soup caught

A fox once lived in the forest.

Near the forest lived a small red hen.

"I will find that small red hen," said the hungry fox.

"Then I will make soup of her."

One night he saw her on a wall.

He caught her and away he ran.

"Put me down, Mr. Fox," said the hen.

So the fox put her down.

Then the small red hen flew round and round.

She went so fast that the old fox's head began to spin.

By and by he could not see her at all.

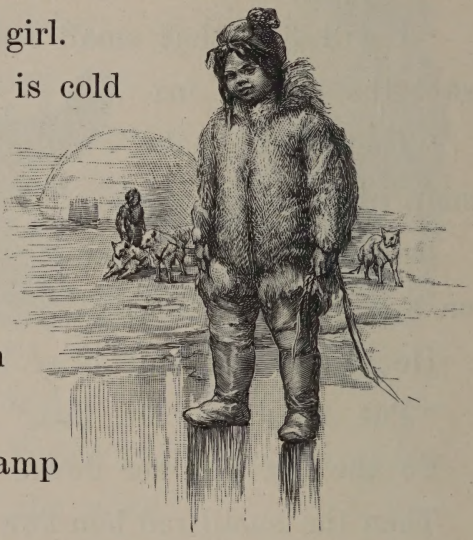
"Where are you?" asked the angry fox.

Then the small red hen laughed. She was on her way back to her chickens.

AN ESKIMO GIRL — I

bun'dle furs pic'ture lined
blocks books lamp

In this picture I look like a bundle of furs, but I am a little girl.



Where I live it is cold all the time.

I live in a house made of blocks of snow.

It is lined with skins.

We have a large lamp in our house.

The lamp makes the house warm.

My mother cooks with this lamp.

All that we do in winter is to eat and keep warm.

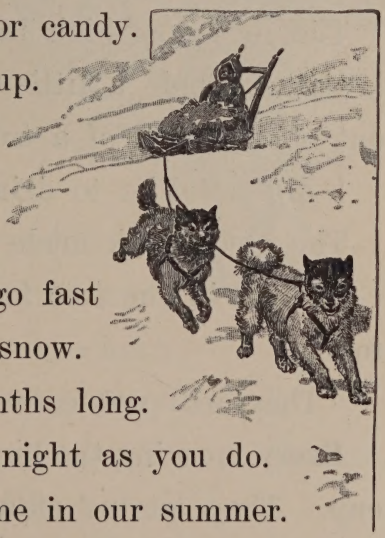
We do not go to school.

We have no books to read.

AN ESKIMO GIRL — II

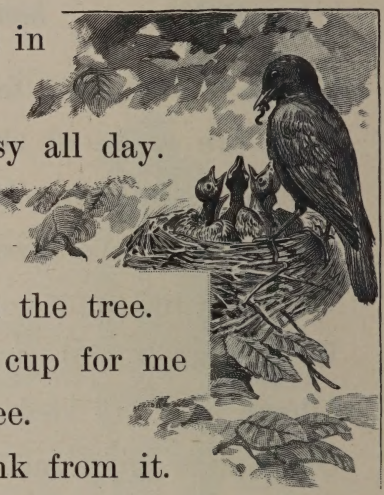
clothes bread can'dy food
catch meat months

I help my mother make our clothes.
They are made of skins.
I have a sealskin coat.
We do not have bread and cake to eat.
We have no apples or candy.
We eat meat and soup.
I have a pretty sled.
Our dogs give me fine rides on my sled.
They make the sled go fast over the smooth, hard snow.
Our night is six months long.
We cannot sleep all night as you do.
It is light all the time in our summer.
Then we catch fish for our food in winter.
We are always glad when the summer days come.



THE BIRDS

bit'ter drank cup ba'bies



Some little birds lived in our old apple tree.

Their mother was busy all day.

She brought food to her hungry babies.

The nest was high in the tree.

Father made a little cup for me out of the bark of a tree.

I did not like to drink from it.

The green bark made the water a little bitter.

"Put it in the tree for the birds," father said to me.

"They will not care if the water is bitter."

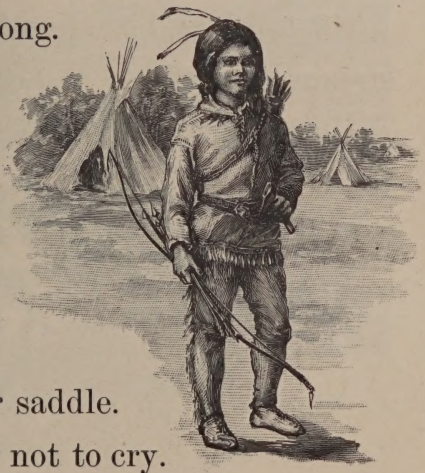
Every morning the birds drank from the little cup. They let me stand very near.

"I am glad you have found a good use for your cup," father said as he saw the birds drinking.

AN INDIAN BOY

sad'dle wrap shoot my self'
ar'row bow deer

What very white little boys and girls you are!



I am brown and strong.

My hair is straight and black.

I can run like a deer.

I can shoot with a bow and arrow.

I can ride my pony.

He has no blanket or saddle.

When I am hurt I try not to cry.

Babies cry when they are hurt.

If I cry, I cannot have a pony to ride.

When I am cold I wrap myself in a blanket.

My house is made of bark from trees.

My boat is made of bark too.

I like to live out of doors most of the time.

Do you know where I live and who I am?

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

be low′ greed′y din′ner dropped bow-wow

A dog had in his mouth a big piece of meat which he was carrying home.

On the way he crossed a bridge over a small stream of water.

He seemed to see another dog below him.

"That dog has a piece of meat too. I should like to have it," he said.

"I will bark at that dog. Bow-wow! bow-wow!" he said.

As he barked, he dropped his meat.

The greedy dog had no meat for his dinner.

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER — I

fam'i ly grass'hop per danced late
sor'ry ants sang

Once a family of ants lived on a hillside.

They were very busy ants.

You would be surprised to know how much work they could do.

They kept cows and took good care of the baby ants. They laid up food for the winter.

A grasshopper lived in a field near by.

He did not work. He danced and sang all day long.

He saw the ants hard at work. He said:

"Why do you work so hard?"

"We must work," said the ants. "We must get ready for winter. We cannot find food then."

"I have never been hungry yet," said the grasshopper.

"You will be hungry when winter comes," said the ants.

"Winter is a long way off," said the grasshopper. Then he danced away.

"Poor grasshopper!" said the ants; "he will be sorry when it is too late."

THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPER—II

stiff feel frost

By and by the winter came. How cold the mornings were!

The long grass was stiff with frost.

The birds had gone away to their summer homes.

The ants ran into their house and shut the door. It was warm in their house.

But where was the poor grasshopper?

He had no home. He could find nothing to eat. The ground was covered with snow.

His legs were stiff with cold. He could not dance any more. He did not feel like singing. He went to the ants' house.

"Please give me some food, dear ants," he said. "I am very hungry."

They gave the poor grasshopper some food.

But they could not keep him in their house.

There was no room in their little house for a grasshopper.

Off into the cold he went once more.

The ants never saw him again.

A SNAIL'S STORY

knocked snail
saf'er po lite'

I live in a little round house.

I have no window, but I have a door.

This morning some one knocked on the top of my house. I think it more polite to knock on the door.

I heard a little girl sing,

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole."

I did not come out. I waited until she went away. Then I took a short walk.

I took my house with me. I feel safer to have my house with me. Something may harm me if I come out of my house.

I have very good eyes. They are at the ends of my long horns.

My eyes are not pretty, but they are useful.

THE MAN WHO DID NOT LIKE TO WORK—I

build	cit'y	trump'et
done	wood'cut ter	voice

Once upon a time there was a man who did not like to work.

He lived in a great forest, and his work was to cut down trees.

Every morning he wished that he had nothing to do.

One day a fine plan came into his head.

He went to a very wise man and asked for a giant who should do his work for him.

"What is your work?" asked the wise man.

"I am a woodcutter," said the lazy man.

"I will give you a giant," said the wise man; "but if you do not keep him busy, he will kill you."

"Oh, I can keep him busy," said the lazy man. "That will not be hard to do. I can give him all the work he likes."

So the wise man gave him the giant.

The giant was so tall that his head was in the clouds; his voice was like a trumpet, and his eyes were like great lamps.

"What is there for me to do?" he roared.

"Cut down all this forest," said the lazy man.

In five minutes it was done.

"What is there for me to do?" roared the giant again.

The lazy man was frightened.

"Build me a city where the forest stood," said he at last.

In five minutes the giant was back again.

"What more is there for me to do?" roared the giant again.

THE MAN WHO DID NOT LIKE TO WORK—II

side	pearls	heart	ray	trou'ble
hide	bound	hoped	till	ev'er

The lazy man saw that it would be hard work to keep the giant busy.

It would be as hard as to cut down trees.

But he had one more plan.

"Go and find all the pearls in the sea," he said to the giant.

Then the lazy man ran to the mountains as fast as he could go.

He hoped to hide from the giant.

In five minutes the giant was by his side.

"There are your pearls. What is there for me to do?" he roared.

The pearls were in great banks by the sea.

"Quick!" roared the giant. "What is there for me to do?"

The lazy man looked up and down and all around him. He could think of no more work.

He wished that he had never gone to the wise man.

Just then he saw his little dog near him. A ray of hope came to him.

"Giant," said he, "take the curl out of my dog's tail!"

The giant bound the dog's tail to a stick till it was as straight as a string; but when he took the stick away, the tail was as curly as ever.

He worked a long time.

Then he said to the lazy man, "If you will let me off this time, I will never trouble you again."

So the lazy man went back to his work with a light heart.

CAN YOU TELL?

though fail

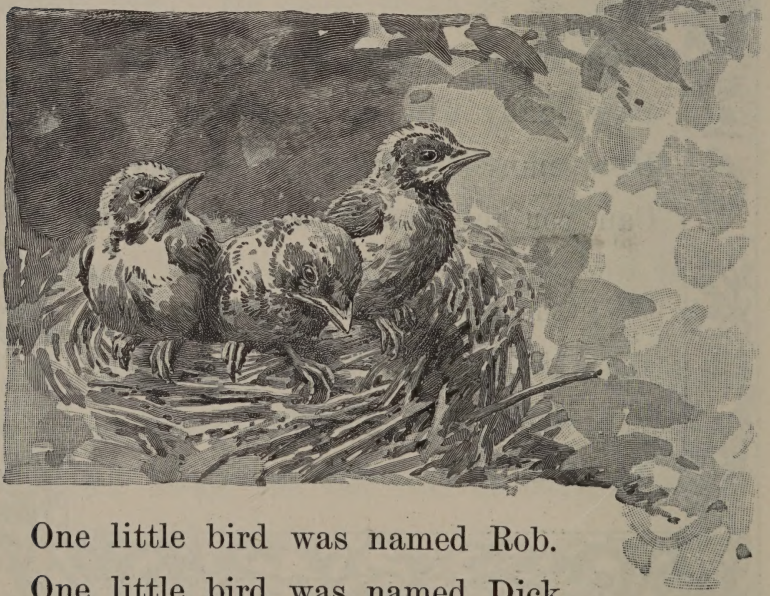
How many leaves are on the tree?
How many fish are in the sea?
How many stars are in the sky?
Can you tell me if you try?

Why the dog should wag his tail?
Why the spring should never fail?
I'm afraid that though you try,
You can never tell me why.

THE THREE LITTLE BIRDS — I

edge car'pet in deed'
wide a wake'

Three little birds lived in a nest.
One little bird was named Tip.



One little bird was named Rob.
One little bird was named Dick.
These little birds liked to look over the edge of the nest.
The grass looked like a green carpet.

They could see yellow flowers in the grass.

"Are the flowers good to eat?" Tip asked mamma Robin.

"No, indeed," she said; "they are bitter."

"What do the flowers do at night?" asked Rob.

"They go to sleep just as you do," said mamma Robin.

"In the morning they are all wide awake."

THE THREE LITTLE BIRDS — II

blink'ing wav'ing lean'ing

These little birds liked to sit on the edge of the nest.

"Do not sit on the edge of the nest," said papa Robin.

"You may fall if you do," said mamma Robin.

I am sorry to say that Tip and Rob and Dick were not always good little birds.

Sometimes, when papa and mamma Robin were away, they sat on the edge of the nest.

They looked down at the leaves and the grass and the yellow flowers.

"This is great fun!" said Tip, waving his short little tail.

"That it is!" said Rob, blinking his bright little eyes.

"Indeed it is!" said Dick, leaning as far over the edge as he could.

THE THREE LITTLE BIRDS — III

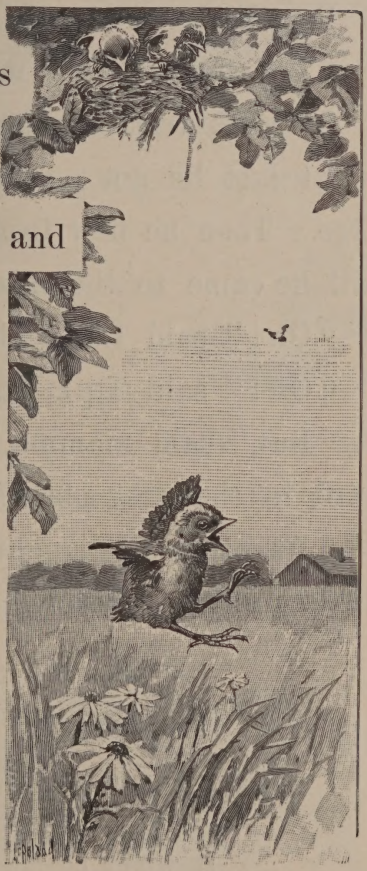
flut'tered	branch	hap'pened
naugh'ty	low'est	won't

The three little birds sat on the edge of the nest every day.

One day something happened.

Dick fell off the edge of the nest.

Down, down he fluttered into the grass.



He was not very much hurt, but he was very much frightened.

So were Tip and Rob. They looked over at him and began to cry.

Mamma Robin flew home, but she could not lift Dick into the nest.

"Shall I have to stay here all night?" said he in a frightened little voice.

"I am afraid the cat will get you if you do."

"O dear! dear! what shall I do?" said poor little Dick.

"Try to fly back into the nest," said mamma.

So Dick shut his eyes and tried to fly to the nest.

Poor little bird! He fell back into the grass.

"Try again," said mamma Robin.

So Dick tried again and again.

At last he got on the lowest branch of the tree. Then he flew from one branch to another till he came to the nest.

"Oh!" said Rob; "is n't he a brave bird?"

"Oh!" said Tip; "is n't he a strong bird?"

"But," said mamma, "was n't he a naughty bird in the first place?"

"We were all naughty birds," said the three little robins together.

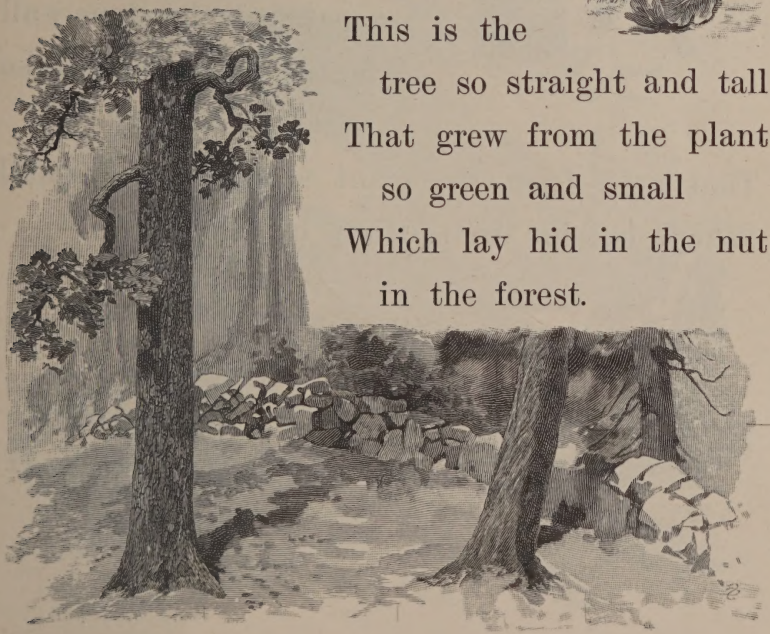
Said Dick, "I think trying
Is harder than flying.
I'm glad to be safe in the nest.
We will wait till we're stronger,
It won't be much longer;
I'm sure that mamma knows best."

THE NUT IN THE FOREST

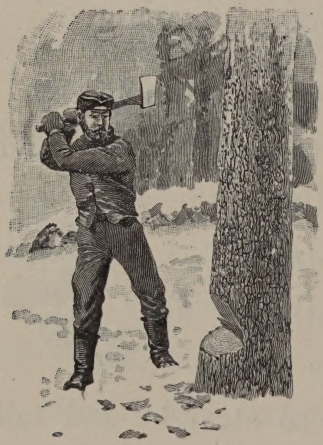
cut'ting be long' hall boards
work'man wood'man plant

This is the nut in the forest.
This is the plant so green and small
Which lay hid in the nut in the forest.

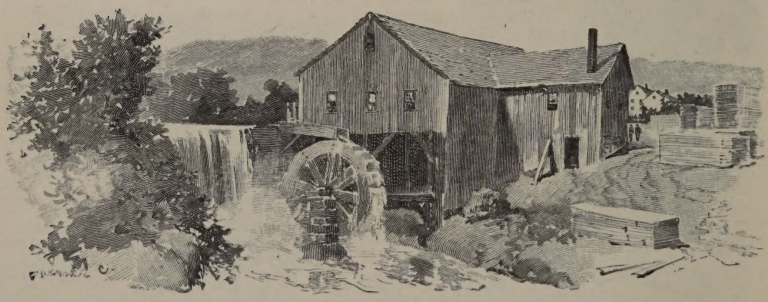
This is the tree so straight and tall
That grew from the plant so green and small
Which lay hid in the nut in the forest.



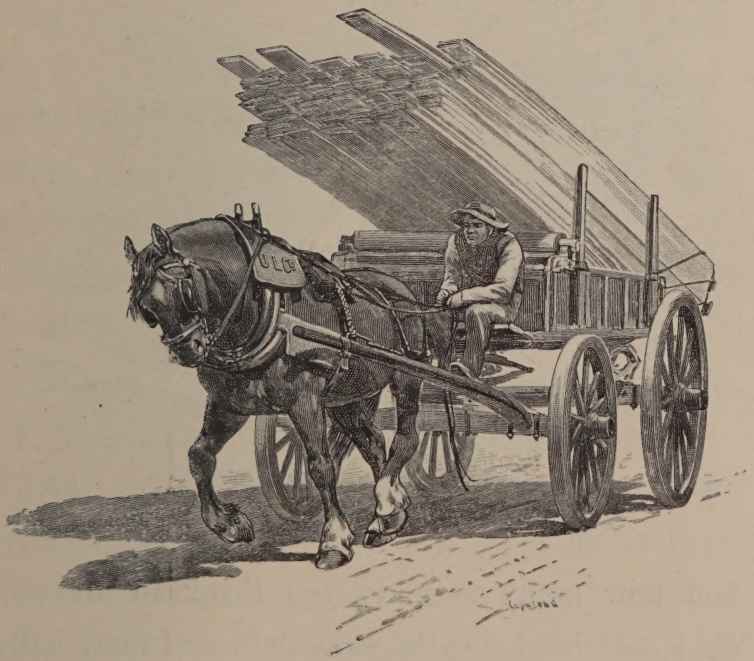
This is the woodman near the stone wall
Who is cutting the tree so straight and tall



That grew from the plant so green and small
Which lay hid in the nut in the forest.
This is the mill and the waterfall
Which belong to the woodman near the stone wall
Who is cutting the tree so straight and tall
That grew from the plant so green and small
Which lay hid in the nut in the forest.



These are the boards for the floor of our hall
That were made by the mill and the waterfall
Which belong to the woodman near the stone
wall
Who is cutting the tree so straight and tall
That grew from the plant so green and small
Which lay hid in the nut in the forest.



This is the workman who came at our call
To lay the boards in the floor of our hall
Which were made by the mill and the waterfall
Which belong to the woodman near the stone wall
Who is cutting the tree so straight and tall
That grew from the plant so green and small
Which lay hid in the nut in the forest.

And how many men do you think in all
We must thank for the smooth floor in our hall?

BRAVE JACK

kit'ty	bite	post
sprang	reach	arms

It was a mild spring morning.

Jack was on his way to school.

He was a little boy only six years old.

On the way he heard a dog bark.

"How that dog barks!" said Jack.

The dog was looking at something on the wall.

"It is a poor little kitten," said Jack.

"If the dog can reach her, he will bite her. I wish he would leave the kitty alone."

Jack put down his books on the wall and went to the kitten. She was on a stone post. Just as Jack came up, she gave a little frightened cry. Then the dog sprang at her. But Jack

sprang too. He took her in his arms. The dog barked and tried hard to get at her.

The dog was not very big, but he was strong. He scratched poor Jack's hands. Kitty scratched too. Jack's hands were red where she had scratched them.

"You are a naughty little cat," said Jack. "Why do you scratch me when I am trying to help you?" But he did not let her go.

Some big boys came up the street. They saw the brave little boy holding the kitten.

"Go home! go home!" they said to the barking dog.

Then they took the kitten from Jack and put her in a safe place on a tree.

"Dogs cannot climb trees," they said to Jack. "Were you afraid?"

"Yes," said Jack, as he took up his books again. "I was afraid the dog would bite me, but I was more afraid he would bite the poor little kitty."

THE ANT AND THE DOVE

cried	drown	dove	thought
picked	shore	float'ed	crawled

A little ant fell into a pond.

It could not swim far.

"Help, help!" it cried. "O dear! O dear! I shall drown!"

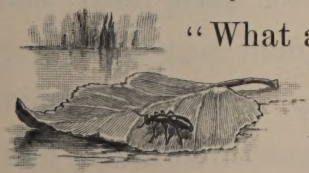
In a tree near by sat a dove.

Soon she thought of a plan to help the ant.

She picked a leaf from the tree and let it fall into the water where the ant was.

"There, little ant, get up on that leaf. It will carry you safe to the shore."

"O, thank you, kind dove!" said the ant.



"What a good boat the leaf makes!" The leaf floated to the shore with the ant safe upon it. Then the ant crawled off upon the ground.

THREE PLAYMATES

tied re'al square cap'tain
deep push

Tom and Rob are playing in their new boat. The boat is tied to a strong post near the water. The water is very quiet.

They call their boat a ship. It has no mast and no sails. A real ship has three masts and square sails.

Tom is the captain. Do you see the white star on his cap? There is a star on the boat too. The "White Star" is the name of the boat.

Rob has an oar in his hand. He can row very well. His father is the captain of a real ship with tall masts and big sails.

"I shall go to sea, when I grow to be a man," Rob says to Tom.

"I wish we might go to sea now," Tom says, as Rob puts the oar into the water.

See! Rob's father is coming down to the boat.

"Come, boys," he says to them; "is the 'White Star' going to sea to-day? If she is, I shall be glad to go out in her."

How pleased the boys are! Tom waves his cap. Rob gives the oars to his father. The boys jump out and push the boat into deep water.

They will have a fine time, and Rob's father will take care of them. He will let the boys help row the boat.

CORA'S DOLL — I

bro'ken cheeks sick doc'tor med'i cine
washed pill care'fully part'ly face

"Mamma!" said Cora.

"What is it, my little girl?" said mamma.

"I should like —" said Cora.

"What should you like, dear?" asked mamma.

"I should like to cry," said Cora, rubbing her eyes.

Mamma put down her work and looked at Cora. "What is the matter?" she said. "Have you broken your doll?"

"No," said Cora; "but I washed her face, and all the pretty red came off her cheeks."

Mamma took the doll.

"How white and sick she looks!" said she.

Cora looked sorry, but tried not to cry.

"Do not cry," said mamma. "It is never of much use to cry. I think I can make her well again. But she must go to bed at once."

"Oh, yes!" said Cora; "when I was sick the doctor said I must go to bed."

So Cora took off the doll's clothes, and put her into a little white bed.

"Now," said mamma, "she must take some bitter medicine. Will she cry if I give it to her?"

"Oh, no!" said Cora. "She is a very good doll. She will take the medicine if it will make her well."

So mamma took a tiny white pill, and put it very carefully into the doll's mouth, which was partly open.

CORA'S DOLL — II

while ros'y clean skirt paints hung
tub stove kitch'en flat'i ron e nough'

Mamma now opened her box of paints, and painted Dolly's cheeks a beautiful red.

"She must stay in bed all day," said mamma.

"Then she will be well."

Cora looked at the doll's wet, rosy cheeks. "But I should like to play with her," said she.

"I think," said mamma, "if I were you, I should wash Dolly's clothes. Do you not think it is a good time for you to wash them while she is in bed?"

Cora thought this was a very good plan. She was now well pleased to have Dolly stay in bed for a long time.

Mamma found a small tub and Cora washed the clothes to make them clean and white.

She washed a dress, an apron, and a skirt.

She hung them up to dry in the kitchen.

Nora was in the kitchen, making cake.

"Shall I iron your doll's clothes?" she asked.

"I should like to iron them myself," said Cora. "I have a little flat-iron."

So Nora put the tiny flat-iron on the stove. Soon Dolly's clothes were smooth and dry.

"Your little girl is well enough to sit up now," said mamma. "She looks as well as ever."

"So she does," said Cora. "What a good doctor you are, mamma!"

Then Cora had a fine play with her doll.

HENRY AND AMY

same told cool ought be lieve'
be fore' be came' stopped grand'ma

Henry was a little boy who lived in a white house on a hill. He was six years old. Amy was six years old too. She lived in a brown house near a spring. The two children often drank of the cool water.

One day Henry told Amy he did not wish to go to school. Amy said she did not wish to go to school.

"I think I shall go to see grandma," said Henry. "I believe I shall go to see grandma too," said Amy.

Henry and Amy had the same grandma. She lived in a big red house. It was a long way to her home.

Both children became very tired and stopped many times to rest before they came to grandma's house.

Once Henry stopped to look at the frogs in the pond. "Go to school! Naughty boy! Go to school!" said the frogs.

Once Amy stopped to look at the ducks in the brook. "Go to school! Quack! Go to school! Quick!" said the ducks as they swam away.

By and by they came to grandma's house. "Is there no school to-day?" asked grandma.

The children looked at the ground. "We did not go to school to-day," they said.

"Go to school! Go to school!" said grandma. "Boys and girls must not come to see me when they ought to go to school."

THE LITTLE OLD LADY

la′dy	door′step	cot′ton	friends	wants
close	wool	dare	full	threw

Once a little old lady lived near a wood.

She loved the birds and the squirrels. Every morning she threw out crumbs for the birds.

She gave corn and nuts to the squirrels. One day she saw two of the birds building a nest. Then she put bits of wool and cotton on a branch of a tree.

She even put some of her own soft, white hair upon the tree. How glad the birds were! They put the hair into the very best place in the nest.

"There is no other nest so dear as ours in all the woods," they said to each other.

One day the little old lady put some corn on the doorstep. Then she sat down to wait. It was very still. She sat there for a long time.

All this time Frisk, the squirrel, sat on the stone wall and looked at her.

He saw the corn; but at first he did not dare go up on the doorstep.

"She is a kind old lady," thought he. "I am sure she will not hurt me. I think she wants me to come."

So Frisk came slowly up to the step. At last he came up close to her.

Soon his little cheeks were full of corn. Then he ran away. But soon he came back.

After this Frisk and the little old lady were the very best of friends.

PLAYING BY THE SEA

spades	pail	wood'en	tin
beach	dug	meant	pies

One day Peter and Polly went to the seashore. They took their spades with them.

Peter's papa gave him a tin pail, and Polly's mamma gave her a wooden pail.

"What shall we do with our pails?" said Polly. "What shall we do with our spades?" said Peter. They had never before been to the sea.

"You will find something to do with your pails and your spades," said Polly's mamma.

When they came to the sea they found a beach of fine, soft sand.

"Can you find something to do now?" said Polly's mamma.

The children laughed, for they knew at once what she meant.

Down they sat in the soft, dry sand.

They were glad now that they had their pails and spades with them.

Peter and Polly played in the sand all day long. They made sand cakes and sand pies. They made houses and dug wells in the sand.

When they went home they carried their pails and spades with them. Peter's tin pail and Polly's wooden pail were full of the soft, clean sand. "I hope we can go to the seashore again," said Polly. "I wish we had a beach at home," said Peter.

THE FIVE BIRDS

next fat worm sup'per
nice peep loud

Once there were five birds in a nest in a tree.

"I am hungry," said the first bird.

"I am very hungry," said the next bird.

"I am hungry too," said the fat bird.

"I am so hungry!" said the little bird.

"We are all hungry," said the other bird in the nest.

"Here comes mother," said the first bird.

"She has a worm," said the next bird.

"It's for our supper," said the fat bird.

"It's a big one," said the little bird.

"How good it looks!" said the last bird.

"How hungry we are!" said all the little birds who were in the nest in the tree.

"Here is a nice big worm for your supper, my dear little birds," said the mother, as she came flying up to the nest.

"Peep, peep, peep!" said a brown bird who was in the next tree.

"What is the matter?" said the mother.

"What is the matter?" said the others.

"I am so hungry," said the poor little bird who lived in the next tree.

The five hungry little birds looked at one another.

"It is a big worm," said the fat bird.

"We are not very hungry," said the little bird.

"We can wait till mother finds another," said one of the other birds.

"Shall I give this worm to the brown bird?" said the mother.

And all five little birds said, "Yes! yes!" as loud as they could.

JOHN AND JACK

none sun'shine shame fin'gers
ate held kissed

John had a piece of bread; Jack had none.

John was not hungry; Jack was very hungry.

John had slept in his bed all night; Jack had no place to sleep in.

John had some one who liked to care for him and make him happy. No one seemed to care for Jack, or tried to make him happy.

John was thinking: "How warm the sunshine is! The birds are singing. Mother will come back soon. She said so."

Jack was thinking: "What a big piece of bread that little boy has! I am sure he cannot eat all of it to-day."

John was a baby; Jack was a dog.

"He might give me a little bit," thought Jack. "Pretty sunshine!" thought John.

"I am so hungry!" thought Jack. "I am so happy!" thought John.

"It is a shame!" thought Jack; "I could bite that boy, and the bread too." "Mother is coming soon," thought John.

At last John turned to look at Jack. "Poor dog!" he said. He broke off a piece of bread and held it out in his white fingers.

Jack took it gently and ate it quickly. "What fun!" thought John. He broke off another piece. Jack ate it, and then, in his own way, he kissed the baby's hand.

SAVED

cling'ing gulls wharf straw
him self' saved faint

It was nearly dark.

Bruce, the big dog, was asleep by the fire.

It was summer, but the night was cool.

"Bruce!" said mamma; "where is Roy?"

"Bow, wow, wow!" said Bruce. That meant, "Roy is playing in the sand with the boys."

"But the boys have come home," said mamma. "They have not seen Roy at all."

"Bow, wow, wow, wow!" said Bruce. That meant, "Why did you not tell me this before?"

He was bounding down the road to the beach.

The sea gulls were flying up and down.

But where was Roy?

Bruce stood on the wharf looking at the water.

He saw a big straw hat. It was Roy's.

Mamma was coming down the road as fast as she could. Bruce did not wait. He sprang

into the water. He swam to the straw hat with all his might. Now he could see Roy's blue dress and his white face.

Was he too late, after all?

"Dear Bruce!" said Roy in a faint little voice.

Roy was clinging to a piece of wood that had broken off from the end of the wharf.

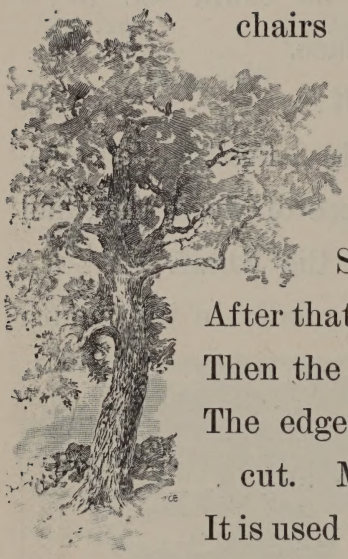
Bruce took the blue dress gently in his mouth

and swam toward the shore. Roy was heavy. It was a long way. But the brave dog swam on.

At last he came to the shore. Could he lift Roy out of the water? The little boy was too tired to help himself. Poor Bruce! Must he wait for mamma? No, it is done! Roy is saved!

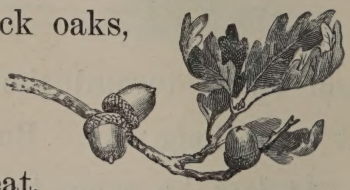
THE OAK TREE

chairs ta′bles a′corns



I am an oak tree.
I am the king of the trees.
Now my leaves are green.
Soon they will be a deep red.
After that they will be dry and brown.
Then the wind will carry them away.
The edges of my leaves are deeply cut. My wood is hard and strong.
It is used in making ships and wheels.
Chairs and tables are often made of oak.

There are many kinds of oak trees. There are red oaks, white oaks, black oaks, and chestnut oaks.



See my brown acorns!
They are not good to eat.
Some acorns are good for squirrels to eat.
See how smooth my acorns are!
"Great oaks from little acorns grow."

HOW DID HE DO IT?

sit′ting	an′i mals	mo′ment	a light′ed
drove	frisk′y	tur′nip	wolf

There was once a boy who had three goats. All day long the three goats ran and played upon the hill. At night the boy drove them home.

One night the frisky things jumped into a turnip field. He could not get them out.

Then the boy sat down on the hillside and cried.

As he sat there a hare came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the hare.

"I cry because I cannot get the goats out of the field," said the boy.

"I'll do it," said the hare.

So he tried, but the goats would not come.

Then the hare, too, sat down and cried.

Along came a fox.

"Why do you cry?" asked the fox.

"I am crying because the boy cries," said the hare. "The boy is crying because he cannot get the three goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the fox.

So the fox tried to get them out of the field, but the goats would not come.

Then the fox, too, began to cry.

Soon after a wolf came along.

"Why do you cry?" asked the wolf.

"I am crying because the hare cries," said the fox. "The hare cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get the three goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the wolf.

He tried, but the goats would not leave the turnip field.

So he sat down with the others and began to cry too.

After a little, a bee flew over the hill and saw them all sitting there crying.

"Why do you cry?" said the bee to the wolf.

"I am crying because the fox cries. The fox is crying because the hare cries. The hare cries because the boy cries. The boy cries because he cannot get the goats out of the turnip field."

"I'll do it," said the bee.

Then the big animals and the boy stopped crying a moment to laugh at the tiny bee.

But the bee flew away into the turnip field and alighted upon one of the goats, and said,

"Buz-z-z-z-z!"

And out ran the goats, every one!

EMILIE POULSSON.

[From "The Farmyard Gates," published by D. Lothrop Company.]

THE CARRIER PIGEONS

let'ter ill week a bout'
pi'geons wrote

Paul and Philip were playmates. They lived in the same street.

Both had been ill. They were still shut up in the house. So they could not play together.

"What shall I do?" said Paul.

"What shall I do?" said Philip. "I wish I could see Paul."

"I wish Philip could come to see me," said Paul.

Paul's big brother John came in from school.

"Do tell me something to do," said Paul.

"What should you like to do?" said John.

"I do not know. I think I should like to have Philip come and play with me."

"Philip has been ill at his home, and you cannot have him come to see you to-day," said John. "Why don't you write a letter to him?

It will make Philip very happy to know you wish to see him."

"How could I send a letter?"

"Send it by the pigeons."

"By what?" asked Paul.

"Write your letter, and then I will tell you."

Paul wrote: "Dear Philip, Come and see me as soon as you get well. Your friend, Paul."

It took some time to write it, for Paul wrote very slowly.

"Is the letter ready?" said John, coming in. "I took your pigeons to Philip's house. I have brought his pigeons to you.

We will tie your letter to a pigeon's leg. He will fly home to Philip with it. Philip is looking for it. I told him about it.

Then he will write you a letter and send it home by one of your pigeons."

How happy Paul and Philip were that week!

It was great fun to have the pigeons carry letters for them.

THE PICNIC

va ca′tion pic′nic peo′ple bas′kets
grand′fa ther lunch poles tastes

Maud and Frank do not go to school now. It is vacation. They are going to a picnic to-day.

They call it a "one, two, three, four picnic." There will be one kind old horse, two happy children, three big people, and four baskets of lunch.

Maud and Frank live in the city. How they like to go into the country! They have picnics very often. Mamma thinks that picnics are good for them.

Papa says he will take them to the lake to-day. He will get a boat and take them out on the water.

"We must take our fish poles with us," he says. "We will try to get some fish."

"That will be fun," says Frank.

Grandfather will make a fire, and mamma will cook some of the fish for lunch.

How good a lunch tastes in the woods!

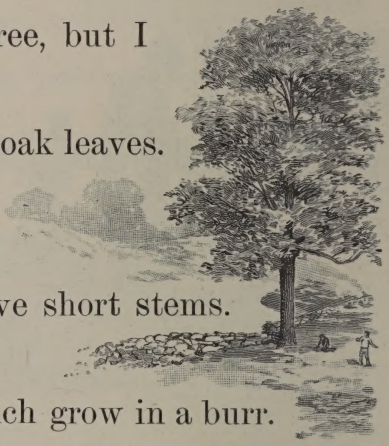
Dick, the horse, will have something to eat too. One of the four baskets has his lunch in it. Dick likes picnics as well as the children do.

After lunch grandfather may sleep under the trees, and mamma will read to the children.

What a long, happy day they will have in the woods!

THE CHESTNUT TREE

shine out'side sat'in desks Oc to'ber



I look like an oak tree, but I am a chestnut tree.

My leaves are not like oak leaves.

My leaves are not wide or deeply cut.

They are long and have short stems.

I have no acorns.

I have brown nuts which grow in a burr.

The burr is rough outside, but inside it is smooth and soft.

My nuts are good to eat.

They shine like brown satin.

When the frost comes the burrs open.

Inside are the smooth, brown nuts.

Tables, boxes, chairs, and desks are made of my wood.

My leaves are never very red. In October they are yellow.

THE TOAD'S BATH

toad bath hop
sprin'kled flies

I am a little brown toad.
I live under your doorstep.
I like your garden very much.
Did you ever see me take a bath? Because I am so dusty do you think that I never do such a thing?

Watch me the next time it rains. See me hop up and down the garden walks. That is the way I take my bath. The soft summer rain feels good after the long, hot day.

Maud is a dear little girl. She saw that I came out in the rain to get a good bath.

One night it was very dry and dusty. I came out to catch some flies. How I wished it would rain!

Little Maud sat on the step and watched me. She was sorry for me.

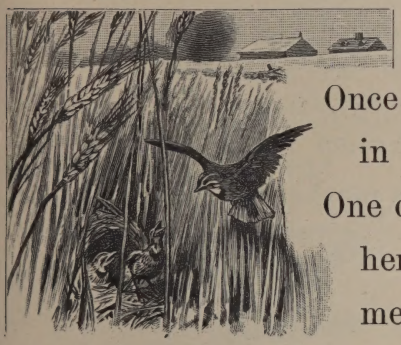
She brought her little waterpot and sprinkled me with water. She did it very nicely. She did not frighten me at all. It felt just like a warm rain. I was as happy as I could be.

I could not say "Thank you." I sat very still and blinked my eyes. "Now she will know that I like it," I said to myself.

"He likes it very much. He thinks it is raining," said little Maud to her mamma.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES

lark hopped son farm'er dan'ger
to-mor'row un'cles cous'ins ears
our selves' mind



Once a lark made her nest in a large field of wheat. One day, as she came home, her children hopped out to meet her. "Oh, mother!" said they; "do take us away, for the farmer will cut his wheat, and we shall have no home."

"How do you know?" said the old lark.

"He has asked his friends to come and help him," they all said at once.

"There is no danger yet," said the mother to the little larks. "But try to hear what the farmer will say to-morrow."

The next day the little ones came out again to meet their mother.

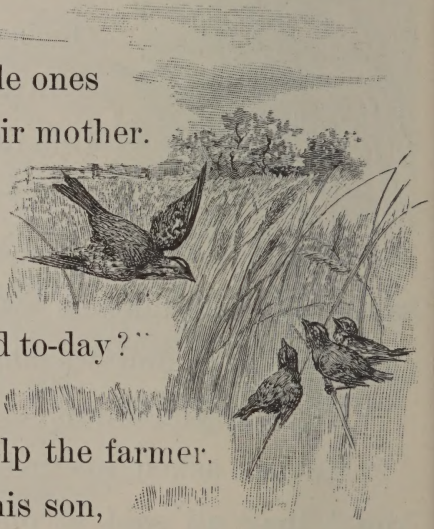
"Now we must go," they said.

"Why?" said the mother. "Did the farmer's friends come?"

"No, but he is going to ask his uncles and cousins to come to-morrow."

"There is no danger yet," said Mrs. Lark, "but keep your ears open."

The next day the little ones came again to meet their mother.



"Now, dear mother, please take us away," said the baby larks.

"What has happened to-day?" said the mother.

"No one came to help the farmer. We heard him say to his son, 'John, to-morrow we will cut this wheat ourselves.'"

"Now, indeed, we must go," said the old lark. "I will take you away to-night. This is not a safe place for you. When a man makes up his mind to do his work himself, it will be done."

THE BIRD, THE MOUSE, AND THE BAT

bat	toes	them selves'
nor	touch	teeth

Bird. What a strange mouse that is! It can fly.

Mouse. I was thinking what a strange bird it is, for it has fur.

Bird. Oh, no! that is not a bird. We never show our ears.

Mouse. I am sure that it is not a mouse. Mice cannot fly.

Bird. But look at its fur!

Mouse. But look at its wings!

Bird. But look at its ears!

Mouse. I think it is more like a mouse than a bird; but who ever heard of a mouse that could fly?

Bat. Are you talking about me?

Bird. Yes; do tell us who you are.

Bat. My name is Bat. I heard you talking about me; but you called me a bird.

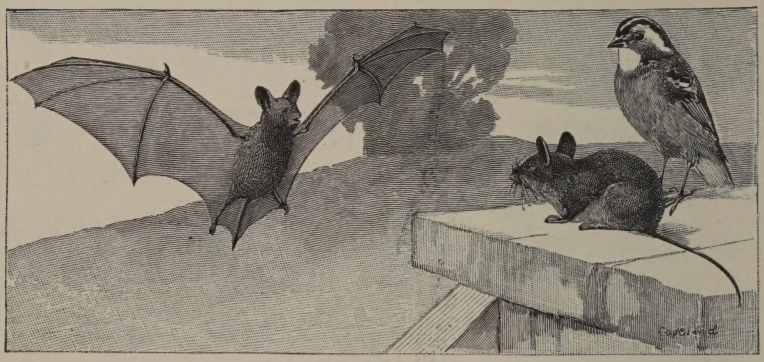
Bird. Oh, no! I called you a mouse.

Bat. What can a mouse do best?

Mouse. I can run.

Bat. But I cannot run at all.

Mouse. Then you are a poor kind of mouse.



Bat. I will tell you what I can do. I can fly as well as a bird.

Bird. But do you lay eggs in a nest?

Bat. No, indeed! I have no nest and no eggs.

Bird. Then you are a poor kind of bird.

Mouse. Where do you sleep?

Bat. Oh, I hang by my toes in some old barn.

Bird. What a way to sleep!

Mouse. Who takes care of your little ones?

Bat. I carry them about with me until they are old enough to care for themselves.

Mouse. What a way to keep house!

Bird. Your wings are not like mine.

Bat. No, my wings are my hands too. I feel my way with them.

Bird. You fly as if you could not see very well.

Bat. I am catching flies now for my supper.

Mouse. Your eyes are small and your ears are large. Can you hear better than you can see?

Bat. Yes, but I can touch better than I can see or hear. I would not give my wings for pretty ones like Mrs. Bird's, nor would I give them for feet like those of Mrs. Mouse.

Bird. I would not give up my nest to hang by my toes.

Mouse. Are your teeth as sharp as mine?

Bat. I have sharp teeth.

Mouse. I am afraid that you will bite.

Bat. I do bite when any one tries to hurt me.

Mouse. Good-by, Mrs. Bat. See how fast I can run!

Bird. Good-by, Mrs. Bat. I am going home to my nest and my little ones.

Bat. Good-by. Please don't think that I would bite you. Why is every one afraid of me? I do not wish to hurt any one.

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

nei'ther trem'bling

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE THREE PINE TREES

pitch	nee'dles	cones	scales
winged	die	tar	tall'est

Here are three pine trees. One is a red pine. One is a pitch pine. One is a white pine. All have green needles for leaves. These needles are green all the year. Red pine has two needles in a bunch. Pitch pine has three needles in a bunch. White pine has five needles in a bunch.

Red pine has a smooth bark and smooth cones.

Pitch pine has a rough bark and rough cones.

The wood of the pitch pine is yellow.

White pine has long cones and soft, white wood. It is the tallest of the pine trees.

Pine seeds grow under the scales of the pine cones.

When the seeds are ripe the scales open. Then the wind can carry the little winged seeds far away.

Birds like to eat the seeds of the pitch pine.

Pine trees do not mind the cold and the snow.

They can live on high hills, where some trees would die. They can cling to the sides of the hills.

Houses and boats are made of pine wood.

Many ships have their masts made of white pine.

Some of the best kinds of tar and pitch are made from the pitch pine.

So we see that pine trees are very useful.

WHAT I SHOULD DO

mer'ri est fair pride smiled sweet'est
per'fume child maid whom scat'ter

If I were a rose
On the garden wall,
I'd look so fair
And grow so tall;
I'd scatter perfume far and wide;
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
O little rose!

Fair little maid,
If I were you,
I should always try
To be good and true.
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child
On whom the sunshine ever smiled;
That's what I'd do
If I were you,
Dear little maid!

THE LITTLE PLANT

bur'ied world wake creep

In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake!" said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Wake!" said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard,
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

KATE LOUISE BROWN.

WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

bird'ie rise limbs

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie;
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BUSY WORKERS

bea'ver	weath'er	plas'ter	spend
right	shell	thick	twigs
pit'y	mud	flat	few

Squirrel. Good morning, Cousin Beaver! What are you doing?

Beaver. I am making a dam. We must have a home where we can keep warm. It will be cold before long.

Squirrel. It is a pity that your tail is so flat and hard. See how thick and warm mine is! I can wrap it around me. When I am in my hole in the tree, I do not feel the cold at all.

Beaver. I thought you lived in the tops of the trees.

Squirrel. So I do in pleasant weather. We stay there in summer. In the fall we come down into our warm nest in the tree to spend the winter. All our nuts are there.

Beaver. We keep our nuts and twigs in our winter house too. It is so much safer than to leave them on the trees.

Squirrel. Why do you take so much trouble to build a dam? That hole in the bank must make a good house just as it is.

Beaver. It makes a good house; but the water in the stream is not deep enough to hide the door, so we must make a dam.

Squirrel. How shall you make a dam?

Beaver. We shall cut some trees, up there by the bridge, and float them down the stream.

Squirrel. Why do you not use these trees?

Beaver. We shall use a few large ones if we can make them fall in the right place.

Squirrel. Will not the water run through your dam?

Beaver. No; we plaster it well with mud and grass.

Squirrel. Do you cut those big trees with your teeth?

Beaver. Yes; that is what our sharp teeth are for. We can cut large trees in that way.

Squirrel. I should think your teeth would wear off if you cut very large trees.

Beaver. They do wear off, but they soon grow long again. I see you have sharp teeth too.

Squirrel. Yes; that is so that we can cut through the hard shell of a nut. I must go now. I have to get nuts enough for winter. Good-by.

Beaver. Good-by. I must be at work too.

COLUMBUS — I

Co lum′bus	sail′or	born	It′a ly	o′cean
hun′dred	In′di a	rich	mon′ey	cra′zy

Here is a picture of Columbus. He lived more than four hundred years ago. He was born in Italy, a country far over the sea. Columbus loved the ocean. He grew to be a great sailor.

People did not know much about the earth then; many of them thought it was flat. Columbus thought it must be round.

He said he could sail around it, as a fly can walk around an apple.

Columbus wished to go to India. India was a very rich country far to the east.

Columbus believed he could go there by sailing west. Do you see how he could do that?

Columbus wished very much to try it. But he was a poor man. He had no ships and no money.

He asked people to help him. Some made fun of him. Some even thought he was crazy.

But he kept on trying for many years.

COLUMBUS — II

Is a bel'la A mer'i ca twen'ty is'land
hon'or Spain queen

At last Columbus found a friend who helped him. This friend was Isabella, Queen of Spain.

She gave him three ships. She sent one hundred and twenty sailors too.

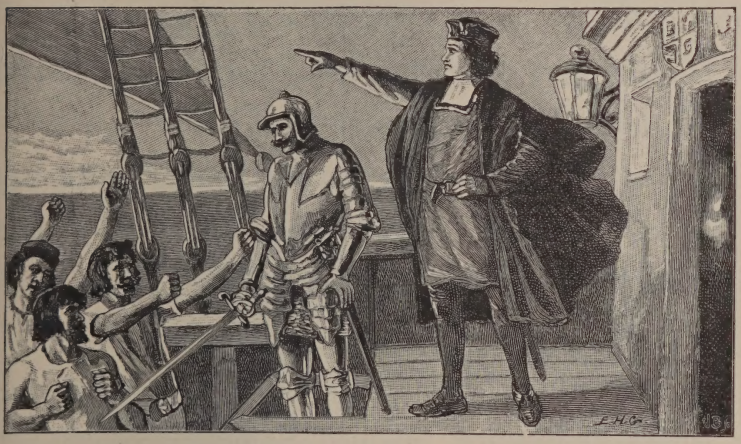
The sailors did not wish to go. They were afraid. They thought they should never reach home again.

The ships sailed and sailed for many days.

The sailors grew more and more afraid.

It was hard for Columbus to keep them from turning the ship toward home.

Columbus was not afraid. He would not give up. He said, "Sail on!"



At last they came to a beautiful island.

How glad they were then!

They even kissed the ground, so glad were they to be on land again.

The island was near our own America.

We know now that Columbus opened the way to our dear country. We are glad to honor him.

COLUMBUS — III

In'di ans start'ed voy'age
safe'ty sto'ries

Columbus did not know that he had found a new country.

He thought that he had reached an island near India.

He called the people of the island Indians.

In a few months Columbus and his sailors started back to Spain.

They had a rough voyage.

Many times they thought they were lost.

But at last they reached Spain in safety.

How glad the people were to see them!

What wonderful stories they had to tell!

Columbus came across the sea three more times.

He went to other islands near by.

But he never knew what a great work he had done for the world.

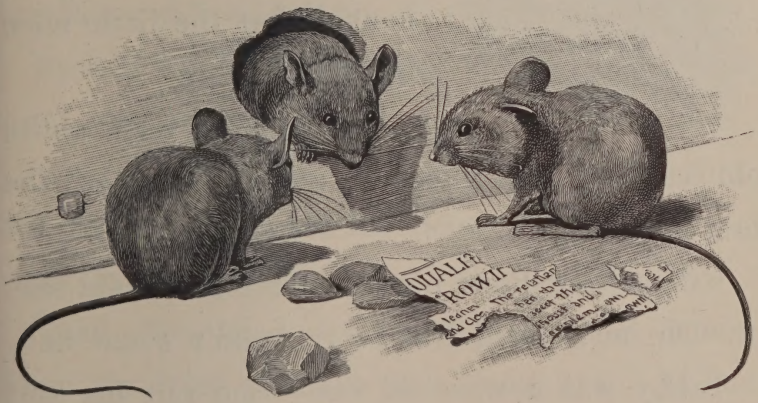
TABBY AND THE MICE

whose	third	fond	bricks
paw	snug	cor'ner	larg'est

Three little mice once lived in an old box.

"I am going to make a new house," said the largest mouse, whose name was Rus.

"*I* am going to make a new house," said the next mouse, whose name was Fus.



"*I* am going to make a new house," said the third mouse, whose name was Mus.

"My house shall be made of hay," said Rus, who did not like to be cold.

"My house shall be made of paper," said Fus, who was fond of books.

"My house shall be made of bricks," said Mus, who was as wise as he could be.

So the three little mice made their houses.

One day Tabby Cat came along. She saw the three houses that the little mice had made.

She was a very polite old cat, so she knocked at the door of the first house.

"Come, Mr. Rus; please let me in!" said she.

"Oh, no!" said Rus; "you can't come in."

Tabby was a wise old cat. She put her soft paw into the hay and caught poor Rus.

Then she went to the next house. "Come, Mr. Fus; let me in," she said.

"Oh, no!" said Fus; "you can't come in."

But Tabby knew better than that. She put her paw through the paper door and caught poor Fus. Then she went to the next house.

"Come, Mr. Mus; let me in!" said she.

"Oh, yes!" said Mus; "when I am ready."

So Tabby sat down to wait. She laughed when she thought what a nice supper Mus would make.

When she had waited a long time she grew tired.

"Are you ready now, Mr. Mus?" she asked.

"Not yet," said Mus.

By and by Tabby knocked loudly on the door.

"I am coming in now, Mr. Mus," said she.

"Very well; come in if you like," said Mus; but he did not open the door.

So Tabby tried and tried to open the door.

Then she tried to push down the house. Then she tried to make Mus come out. At last she told Mus just what she thought of him.

This did not trouble Mus at all. He had curled himself up in a snug corner of his house and was fast asleep.

NATHAN AND THE BEAR—I

clear	driv'ing	sleek	stepped
tongue	hur'ry	path	rus'tled
half	drifts	sound	whis'tled

Little Nathan King was driving home his father's cows.

It was a cold night in October. In the clear sky the stars shone bright.

The dry leaves fluttered down upon the road where they lay in drifts.

The air was sharp. Once a chestnut burr dropped at the boy's feet.

"Winter will soon be here," Nathan said to himself. He was thinking of the snug kitchen and the good, warm supper that his mother would have ready for him.

It was dark. Nathan could just see the black shapes of the cows.

There were five of them. They were good, kind cows. Nathan liked to take care of them.

He liked to pat their sleek, smooth sides.

The cows were fond of Nathan. Sometimes the black cow would put out her rough tongue to touch his hand.

Now they were all in a hurry to reach the warm barn. They walked along the road as fast as they could.

"I think I will go by the wood path," said Nathan to himself. "It is only half as far, and I know every step of the way."

So he ran on before the cows, and let down the bars into the wood path.

The cows went on after him. They, too, knew every step of the path. Nathan often took them home that way. The end of the wood path was near the door of the barn.

It was very still in the woods. The dry leaves rustled as the cows walked through them. There was no other sound. The trees looked big and black.

Nathan whistled as he walked. He had never

been in the woods after dark before. He was glad that he was not far from home.

Once the black cow stepped on a long, dry branch. The other end of the branch flew up in Nathan's face, and made him jump.

"What a baby I am!" said he. "There is nothing to be afraid of. I can see the lamp in our kitchen now."

NATHAN AND THE BEAR — II

bears	lis'ten	beat	thump	a gainst'
jack'et	ex cept'	sixth	rubbed	count'ed

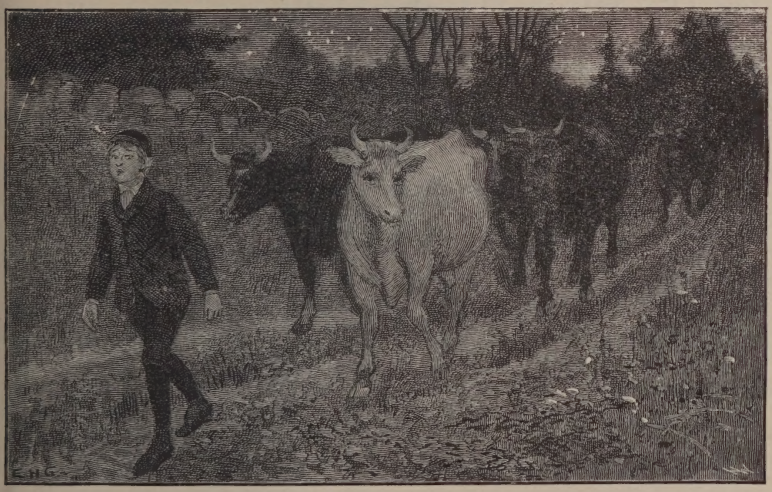
Nathan was now on the top of the hill. The trees were cut down on one side of the path. He could look across a cornfield to his home.

He whistled more loudly than ever and walked bravely on.

"I wonder if there are any bears in these woods," he was thinking. "Tom Shaw's father saw a bear on the mountain last week. Tom

says he would like to meet one. I should run if I heard a bear coming."

Nathan stopped a moment to listen. His heart beat fast. He could feel it thump, thump, thump against his jacket. But there was no



sound except the breaking of twigs and the rustling of leaves under the heavy step of the cows.

"Home at last!" said Nathan.

His father heard him open the great gate, and came out with a light.

Nathan stood aside to let the cows go

through the gateway. He always counted them as they went through.

One, two, three, four, five — one, two, three, four, five — Nathan rubbed his eyes. Then he counted again. "One, two, three, four, five, six!" Where did the sixth cow come from? Was it a cow? It looked more like a dog.

"Father!" cried Nathan. "Here's a bear with the cows!"

Mr. King laughed. He had opened the barn door. The cows were going in, one by one.

"What a boy you are!" he said. "You and Tom Shaw — why, it *is* a bear!"

NATHAN AND THE BEAR — III

lan′tern	al′most	begged	fel′low
gay′ly	re′al ly	swung	gun
to-mor′row		sup pose′	

Yes, it really was a bear. Mr. King swung the lantern close, to make sure.

When the bear saw the bright light, he turned slowly; then he went back through the gateway, across the road, into the wood path.

"Let me get my gun!" cried Mr. King. "Take the lantern, Nathan!"

"Oh, don't shoot him, father!" begged Nathan. "Please don't shoot him. He came

all the way through the woods with me, and he did not hurt me at all."

The boy was almost crying. He was holding his father's arm with both hands.

"Please don't shoot him!" he said again.

"Well," said Mr. King; "I don't like to let a bear go like that. He seems gentle enough, but he might do some harm. Where did you find him, Nathan?"

"I did not find him," said the boy, still holding fast his father's arm. "He must have been in the woods. I was counting the cows just now, and there he was! I wish you would let him go. He was good to me when he might have hurt me. I think it would be mean to shoot him now."

"It is strange that the cows were not frightened," said Mr. King. "I suppose the old fellow was cold. He thought you looked as if you were a kind boy, Nathan."

Nathan knew that his father would not go after the bear now. He laughed gayly as he went into the barn.

"I wish Tom Shaw had been here," said he. "I think I shall come home by the road to-morrow night. I am not very fond of bears, after all."

M. A. L. Lane.

CARRIE HILL'S PARTY

scis'sors	word	missed	odd	par'ty
but'ton	bean	eas'y	bag	games
jack'straws		birth'day	dom'i noes	

Carrie Hill had a party on her birthday. It was a "sit-still" party. Carrie had hurt her foot, and could not walk.

"We must play 'sitting-down' games," wrote Carrie. "Will you each think of some game that

you like? Try to think of one whose name begins with the first letter of your name."

Five children came to the party, — John and Walter Smith, Bertha Brown, Belle West, and Dora Green.

John Smith brought his game of jack-straws.

Bertha's game was "button, button."

Dora brought her dominoes.

Belle said: "Let us play bean bag. We will all sit in a row. Then we will try to throw the bags into a basket."

So they all sat in a row, and each threw the bags when his turn came. Each one thought it would be very easy to throw into the basket. It was very odd to see how many missed it almost every time. Some did not throw hard enough. Others sent the bags too far. How the children laughed when the bags fell on the floor!

"What is your game, Walter?" said John.

"I could not think of a game that begins with W. I had to make one up. I call it the 'word game.' We must each think of words that have two letters. See who can think of the most words."

That was great fun. Then the children tried words of three letters, then of four and five. It was pretty hard, but they liked it. "Your game is best of all, Walter," they said.

Soon it was time for supper.

After supper the children were ready for Carrie's game. She called it a "cutting game." She gave them scissors and paper. They tried to see what pretty things they could cut out.

By and by it was time to say good night. "What a good time we have had, Carrie!" said Belle and Dora.

"So have we," said the boys; "we liked the 'sit-still' party."

So they all said "Good night," and went home feeling very happy.

RUFF'S FIRST APPEARANCE

e'ven ing March keen hound.
ken'nel fence bush'es be side'
smell spoke

It was a cold evening in March. The air was full of fine snow, and the wind was keen.

Mother Hound and her four little ones were asleep in the large kennel, but Father Hound's eyes were wide open. There was a noise by the fence.

"Who is there?" said Father Hound in a deep growl.

Out from the bushes came a little gray dog.

He was hungry and cold. He wagged his tail and looked up at the big dog without saying a word.

"Where did you come from?" asked Father Hound.

The little gray dog curled himself into a ball and began to cry. Mother Hound was awake at once.

"Whose baby is that?" she asked.

"I do not know," said Father Hound. "He has been here only a minute. I think he has been in the brook, from the mud on his coat."

"Let me smell," said Mother Hound. "No, he has been in the field behind the barn."

"You have a very good nose," Father Hound said. "I could not have told that, I am sure."

Mother Hound was busy making a nice bed for the little dog. When she spoke to him, he came in at once and lay down close beside her. It was warm and dry there, and he lay still. He was very, very tired.

A STARRY NIGHT — I

bright'est quite gas scarce'ly
dot'ted noon queer

One summer evening Harry and Fred sat down upon the grass to rest.

It began to grow dark. One by one the stars came out. At last it was quite dark.

The sky was dotted with bright stars.

Harry watched them quietly for some time; then he said, "Where are the stars in the daytime?"

"They are shining just as they are now," said Fred.

"Are they always shining, day and night?" asked Harry.

"Yes, they are like the sun; they shine all the time."

"Then why can we not see them by day?"

"Because the sun gives much more light than the stars.

You know that if the gas is lighted in the daytime, you can scarcely see it.

When we first sat down here, we could not see even one star.

Soon it grew dark enough to see the brightest stars.

As it grew darker still, we saw other stars.

If something should happen at noon to make it quite dark, we could see the stars."

"How queer that seems!" said Harry. "I did not know before that the stars were up in the sky in the daytime."

A STARRY NIGHT—II

set seven group dip'per bowl
han'dle front point'ers

"Now that the sun has set, we cannot tell north and south, can we?" asked Harry.

"The north star tells us that," said Fred.

"Where is the north star? How can I find it?"

"Look where I point, Harry. Do you see seven stars in a group?

They seem to make the shape of a dipper.

Four stars make a square. That is the bowl of the Dipper.

The other three bend away and make the handle.

The two bright stars at the front of the bowl are called the 'Pointers.' They point toward the north star.

The Dipper moves about; but these two stars always point to the north star.

People long ago thought that these stars made the shape of a bear, so they called this group the 'Big Bear.'

There is a 'Little Bear,' too. It looks like a little dipper to us.

The north star is at the end of its handle."

See if you cannot find them both some clear night.

STAR RHYMES

tag chas'ing mil'lion guess less

The sky bears are having a game of tag,
You can see them any night,
The big bear chasing the little one,
Around the north star bright.

And he 's been chasing years and years,
A million, more or less;
When do you think he 'll catch him?
In a million more, I guess.

KATE LOUISE BUTLER.

WHAT A SPIDER AND A FLY DID

en'e mies prince spi'ders bat'tle
young crept life woke
cave wove web

There was once a young prince who thought he should like to drive all the spiders and flies out of the world.

One day after a great battle, this prince had to hide from his enemies. He ran into a wood, and there he lay down under a tree and fell asleep.

A man came along, and crept up to kill him.

Just then a big fly came creeping over the face of the prince and woke him. He jumped to his feet, and the man ran away.

That night the prince hid himself in a cave in the same wood. In the night a spider wove her web across the mouth of the cave.

The next morning two men, who were trying to find the prince and kill him, passed by the cave.

The prince was awake, and heard what they said.

"Let us look into this cave," said one of the men; "he may be hiding in there."

"No," said the other; "that cannot be; if he had gone in there, he would have broken down that spider's web."

And so the men went on, and did not look into the cave.

As soon as they went away, the prince thought how his life had been saved — one day by a fly, and the next day by a spider.

He did not feel then that he should like to kill all the spiders and flies or drive them out of the world.

THE PILGRIMS — I

May′flow er Eng′land wor′ship Pil′grims
tossed cra′dle

Here is a picture of a ship called the Mayflower.

It came to this country more than a hundred years after the time of Columbus.

There were then very few white people here.

One hundred people came over in this little ship. They came to this country to make new homes for themselves.

They did not wish to stay in England. Their king would not let them worship God as they wished.

So they left their own country and went to Holland. They called themselves Pilgrims because they went from place to place.

Soon they left Holland to come to America. They came in the Mayflower.

For many weeks this little ship tossed about on the rough ocean. At last it reached the land.

The Pilgrims lived in the ship awhile.

A little baby boy was born in the ship.

Here is a picture of his cradle.

This cradle is still kept.

Perhaps you may see it some day.

THE PILGRIMS — II

chief bring'ing wel'come built
Eng'lish men log Christ'mas

It was just before Christmas that the Pilgrims first reached the land. They thanked God for bringing them safely to their new home.

At first they built one big log house for all to live in. After a while they built a house for each family.

What a hard time they had! The winter was long and cold. Sometimes they did not have enough to eat. Very many of them became sick and died before the spring came.

At first the Pilgrims were much afraid of the Indians. One day they saw an Indian coming toward them.

They were ready to shoot him if he tried to harm them.

How surprised they were to hear him say, "Welcome, Englishmen!" They did not then know where he had learned these words, but they were very glad to say, "Welcome, Indian."

A short time after this the Indian chief came and made friends with the Pilgrims. He brought other Indians with him. The white men and the Indians were friendly for a long time.

THE PILGRIMS — III

suf'fered	los'ing	crops
Thanks'giv ing	sad	meet'ing

In the spring the Mayflower went back to England. The brave Pilgrims saw the ship sail away without them.

They had suffered very much and had been very sad at losing their friends; but they thought it was right for them to stay here. So they would not give up and go back to their old homes.

In the summer they had good crops. In the fall they seemed to have plenty of food to last them through the next winter.

They said, "Let us thank God for our good crops." So they held a meeting and gave thanks to Almighty God. They had a great dinner too. Some of the Indians came to dinner. This was the first Thanksgiving Day in our country.

THE LION AND THE DEER

wild	ter'ri ble	dead	fear	for got'
hot	stooped	lashed	plains	hunt

It was hot on the wild plains, hot and dry. There had been no rain for weeks.

The tall grass grew yellow and then brown in the hot sunshine.

Where the great river had been there was only a little stream.

The deer on the plains were nearly dead with thirst.

They forgot their fear of the lions, and they made a path through the dry, yellow grass to the edge of the stream.

Night after night the deer came to drink at the stream.

One night a lion came to the water's edge. He, too, was thirsty; oh, so thirsty!

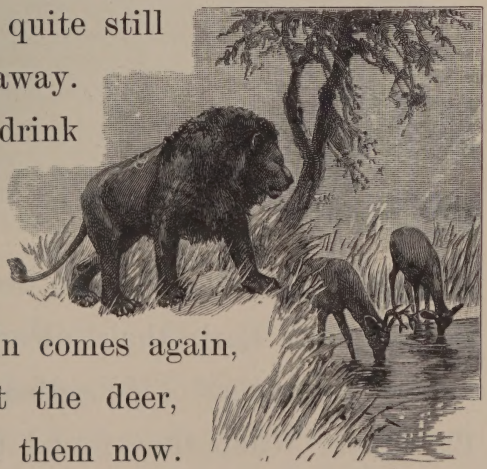
As he stooped to drink, his quick ear heard the step of the deer.

It would be easy to spring upon them as they came to drink.

The lion's mouth was hot and dry. He lashed his great tail as a cat does when she is angry.

How cool the water felt! Thirst is terrible. The lion knew that he could go without food better than he could go without water.

He watched the deer as they came to drink of the cool water. But he did not spring upon them. He stood quite still until they went away.



"They must drink as well as I," he said when they were gone.

"When the rain comes again, then I will hunt the deer, but I cannot kill them now.

We suffer together, and so long as we suffer together they shall not be hurt by me."

RUFF'S FIRST ADVENTURE—I

mas′ter own′er pan neck
col′lar fun′ny teach proud
re mem′ber un ti′dy

Mother Hound's babies were so much alike that Master Carl, their owner, could not tell one from another. He called them the Brown Brothers. When they found the little gray dog in their bed they were very glad to see him.

They rubbed their noses over his coat.

"This is a good place to live," they told him. "We have enough to eat, and you will always find water in the pan. But you must never try to go under the fence."

"Why should I wish to go under the fence?" said the gray dog. He thought he should never care to go far from Mother Hound.

"Wait and see," said the Brown Brothers. "Some day you will wish to go very much. Then you must remember what we have told you."

Just then Master Carl came out to see his dogs and to bring their bread and milk to them.

When he saw the new dog, Carl was not so much pleased as Mother Hound had hoped. Mother Hound made the little dog's coat as clean as she could, but it was still rough and untidy. A stiff frill of hair stood out like a collar about his neck and gave a funny look

to his queer little face. Carl knew that it would take a long time to teach him to be a good dog. But Mother Hound wished to have him stay. She put her cold nose into Carl's hand and looked up at him with her great brown eyes.

"Well," said Carl, "I cannot turn him out such a cold morning as this. We will keep him for a few days. You must teach him to be good, like the Brown Brothers. And he must have a name of his own. We will call him Ruff, I think, because his collar makes him look like Queen Elizabeth."

If Ruff had heard what his new master was saying, he might have been proud of looking like a queen. But he was thinking about the other side of the fence. The more the little dog thought about it, the more he thought he should like to see what was there. He was sure he could make a hole under the fence when no one was looking.

RUFF'S FIRST ADVENTURE — II

low hind yard beak
your self′ pain pecked

One day when little Ruff was alone, he began to make a hole under the fence. It was fun to scratch up the soft earth with his feet. At last he could look under the fence. There was very little to see. There were no flowers, no grass, no trees. There were no horses to watch or cows to chase. He saw only a long low house, a wood pile, and a sandy yard.

But it was very easy to make the hole larger. Ruff put his head under the fence and pushed with his hind feet. In a minute he was on the other side of the fence.

What were those queer birds by the wood pile? They had long legs and few feathers. Ruff did not know that they were chickens, but he did know that such long legs could run fast.

"I must chase them and see how fast they can go," said the naughty dog.

This was very good fun. Ruff had never had such a good time.

All at once he came upon some little baby chickens with their mother. When the old

hen saw Ruff, she flew at him and pecked him with her sharp beak until he cried with pain.

He was so frightened that at first he could not find the hole under the fence. He ran up and down looking for it, while the old hen ran after him and the little chickens cried, "Peep! peep! peep!"

"If I can only find my way home," thought Ruff, "I never will be so naughty again."

Just then he saw the hole under the fence, and he ran through so quickly that the rough boards made a long scratch on his back.

"Did any one tell you not to go into the chicken yard?" said Mother Hound when she saw him.

"Yes," said Ruff, feeling sad and sorry.

"Then why did you do it?" she asked.

"I wanted to see for myself," said little Ruff.

Mother Hound was sorry for him, but she knew it was a good lesson.

"If that old hen had not hurt you, you might have hurt the chickens," she said.

"Do you think you can remember the next time, or must you always see for yourself?"

Ruff hung his head.

The scratch on his back still hurt him very much.

"I think I can remember," said the little dog.

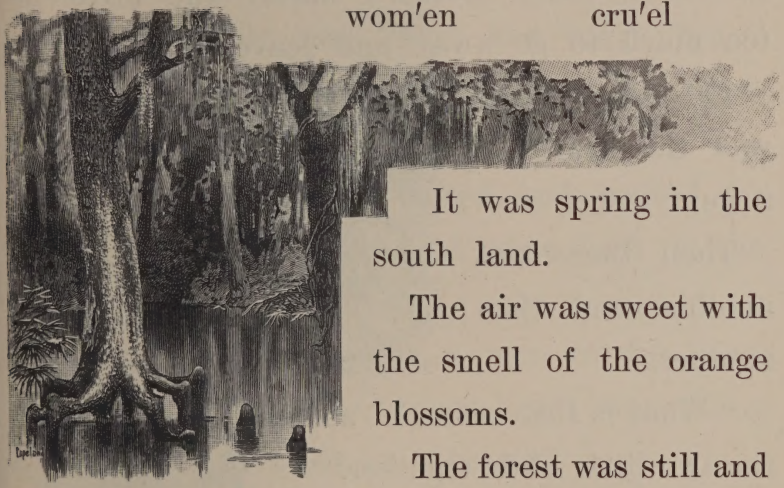
THE DISAPPOINTED SNOWFLAKES

snow'flakes tum'bling snow'drift seat'ed
sighed mis takes' ar ray'
dis ap point'ed melt'ed

Four and twenty snowflakes
Came tumbling from the sky,
And said: "Let's make a snowdrift,—
We can, if we but try."
So down they gently fluttered
And lighted on the ground,
And when they were all seated
They sadly looked around.
"We're very few indeed," sighed they,
"And we sometimes make mistakes;
We cannot make a snowdrift,
With four and twenty flakes."
Just then the sun peeped round a cloud
And smiled at the array,
And the disappointed snowflakes
Melted quietly away.

THE BABY HERONS

al′so blos′soms droop crack
dim sweet heap shot
wom′en cru′el



It was spring in the south land.

The air was sweet with the smell of the orange blossoms.

The forest was still and beautiful. In a nest, safe from all harm, three little birds were talking together.

"Mother has been away a long time," one said, with a sad droop of the head.

"I wish she would come back soon," said another.

"What a long day it has been without her!" said the third.

"What should we do if she never came back?" said one of the little birds.

"We should die," said the first bird. "But be brave, little brother; surely she loves us too much to go away and leave us."

Far away there was the crack of a gun.

Then there was another and then another.

"What is that, sister?" asked the two little birds together.

It was a sound they had never heard before. In some strange way it frightened them.

"What noise is that?" they asked again; but the little sister could not tell.

It began to grow dark and the baby birds were hungry.

Their little hearts were full of trouble.

"Do you think mother will come soon?" they sighed to one another.

"Mother will not forget us," said the little sister. "Mothers never forget."

But a terrible fear filled her brave heart. She could not fly away to find food for them all. They must wait.

So they waited and waited and waited for the mother who never could come back to the babies she loved so well.

And while they waited, a man in the heart of that beautiful, dim, green forest was piling a heap of dead birds in a basket.

He had shot the mothers of many little birds.

Why? Because far away in the city there were women who liked to wear these dead birds upon their hats. They were willing to pay money enough to clothe and feed this man's children.

If we call him cruel, what shall we say also of those who wear the feathers of these poor mother birds?

BABY'S TOES

night'gown pink bare dim'pled lil'y
breast nun wrapped in'no cent

Dear little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
In your long nightgown
Wrapped for the night;
Come, let me count all
Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose.

One is a lady
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby;
And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

Scots crown fought thread free
swing gain it self′ flee
beat′en Scot′land cheered

Robert Bruce was a brave man who lived in Scotland. He made up his mind to set his country free from England.

As he was a very brave man, the Scots made him their king. The English people were angry at this. They set out to kill Bruce and take the crown from him.

Before the Scots were ready for battle, the English came upon them. The Scots fought bravely, but they were beaten, and Bruce had to flee for his life.

For some time after this, Bruce had to hide in out-of-the-way places. Once he hid himself in a cave. As he lay there he was sad. He thought he could never get back his crown and make Scotland free.

As he was trying to think what he should do, he saw a spider at work in the cave.

The spider had made a long thread and was trying to swing by it from one part of the rock to another.

It tried again and again. Bruce counted six times; just as many times as he had failed in battle with the English. Then he thought the spider would give up and not try again.

He said to himself: "If the spider does try again and does reach the rock, then I will try again to set my country free."

Once more the spider swung itself from the rock, and this time it reached the place it had been trying to gain.

This cheered Bruce so much that he tried once more.

His men came round him, and soon he was master of the land.

ROBERT'S SYMPATHY

trod	bad	dread'ful ly	known	line
sake	ug'ly	cheer'ful ly	chance	luck

"Where is Philip?" asked Robert as he came into the house.

"He has gone a-fishing," said Frank.

"Where has he gone?" asked Robert.

"Down to the brook," said Frank.

"I will go and find him," said Robert.

So Robert went down the path toward the brook.

Very soon he saw Philip coming out from the bushes.

Robert sat down to wait for him.

"Did you catch any fishes?" said Robert.

"No," said Philip.

"I am glad of that," said Robert.

"Glad!" said Philip. "Why are you glad?"

"For the sake of the fishes," said Robert.

"Oh!" said Philip; "for the sake of the fishes! But the other day, when I did catch some, you said you were glad of that."

"Yes," said Robert; "then I was glad for your sake. There is always a chance to be glad for something."

"I have had nothing but bad luck all day," said Philip. "John's great, ugly black horse trod on my foot."

"Did he?" asked Robert cheerfully.

"Yes," said Philip. "John came near where I was fishing and I laid down my fishing line and went up to the horse. I was standing by him and he trod on my foot dreadfully."

"Did he?" said Robert. "I am glad of that."

"Glad of that!" said Philip. "I don't see for whose sake you are glad of that."

"I am glad for your sake," said Robert. "There never was a boy that grew up to be a man who did not have his foot trod upon by a horse. There is no other way to learn that when a horse takes up his foot he will put it down again. If a boy's foot is in the way, it will get trod upon. For some boys it is a hard lesson. If it was an easy lesson for you, I am glad."

"No, it was not easy!" cried Philip. "It was very hard. What makes you think it was easy?"

"By your walking," said Robert. "I have known some boys who, when they learned their lesson in keeping out of the way of horses' feet, could not stand for a week after it. You have had an easy lesson and very good luck, I am sure."

Adapted from Jacob Abbott's "Franconia Stories."
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BABY GOES TO SLEEPY TOWN

fool'ish	doz'en	lead	drow'sy
town	lane	fro	slum'ber

Baby goes to Sleepy Town
A dozen times a day,
But foolish little Baby Heart
Can never find the way.

Mother has to go along
And lead her by the hand,
All the way through Drowsy Lane,
And on to Slumber Land.

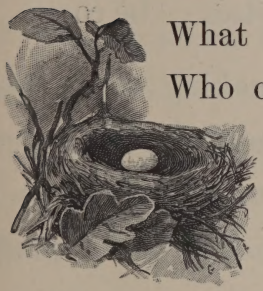
Oh, my little Baby Heart,
Learn the way to go!
Mother has so much to do
She can't run to and fro.

"Mother, dear, I never saw
The way to Sleepy Town.
Don't you know my eyes are shut
Before you lay me down?"

MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

THE ROBIN'S EGG

dain'ty hue nay sight



What was ever so dainty of hue?
Who can tell, is it green, is it blue?
Look, little girl,
At this beautiful pearl
Hid in the nest of the robin!

Nay, little girl! Nay, nay; don't touch!
Wait for a week — a week's not much —
Then come here and see
What there will be
Hid in the nest of the robin.

What shall you see? A wonderful sight!
Then, little girl, step light, step light!
That no sound may be heard
By the baby bird
Hid in the nest of the robin.

THE FIRST BALLOON

bon'fire	France	quiv'er	sank	
lin'en	crowd	swelled	bal loon'	
fas'tened	rode	coals	steer	be come'

One day two boys were making a bonfire. They were brothers. Their names were James and Joseph. It was in France more than a hundred years ago. The boys lay on the grass and watched the fire burn.

"What makes the air seem to quiver over the fire?" asked one of the boys.

"That is the hot air rising," said the older brother. "Hot air is lighter than cold air."

"Yes," said James; "that is what we were reading about the other day. If we fill a paper bag with that hot air, it will go up too."

"Would it not be fun to try?" said Joseph. "I can get some of that strong paper which father is making now. We can tie a string around the open end of the bag."

So the boys made some bags out of the strong paper and held them over the hot coals. The bags went up a little way. Then the air in them grew cold, and they sank down to the ground.

"If we could keep the air hot," said James, "the bags would go up into the clouds."

This was a hard thing to do. The boys thought about it every day.

"If the bag is large and strong, it will hold hot air enough to last a long time," the boys said.

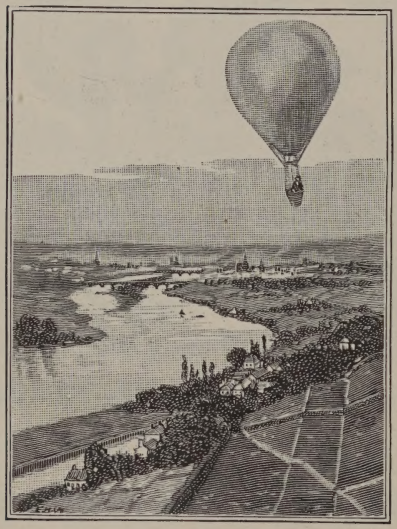
So they made a linen bag. It was very large. A great crowd of people came to see it go up.

The boys made a hot fire of straw. The linen bag was held over the fire.

At first it had no shape. Then it swelled out round and full.

"Let go!" cried James. Away went the big bag into the air.

For ten minutes the hot air in it held it up. Then it came slowly down, and was found a mile and a half away.



This was the first balloon. Soon men made balloons which were filled with gas. Gas does not need to be heated, because it is lighter than air. These gas balloons stayed in the air a long time.

After a time a car was fastened under the balloon and a man rode in the car. It was a great sight then to see a man ride in a balloon.

Some men are trying to learn to steer a balloon in the air, and to make it go up or down as they like. If they can do this, it will become safer than it now is to ride in a balloon.

JOHN AND THE INDIAN — I

truth anx'ious ly in'ter est frank'ly
train sen'tence rest'less wag'on
ge og'ra phy treach'er ous tom'a hawk

John Howe stood in the doorway and looked anxiously down the road.

It was time for his father's wagon to come from the train bringing the Indian boy who was to help in the farm work.

To tell the truth, John was afraid. He liked to read stories about Indians, but he was quite sure that he should not like to live in the house with one.

He could not help thinking of a sentence in his geography: "Indians are restless, cruel, lazy, and treacherous."

John could not see why his father should want a lazy and cruel boy to help him. What treacherous meant he did not know, but his mother had often told him that he was a little restless himself.

John thought it would not trouble him much if the Indian boy were restless. It was not very good fun to sit still.

At last the wagon came. To John's surprise, the young man sitting beside his father

was not dressed in feathers and paint, and no tomahawk was to be seen.

He had very straight, black hair, to be sure, but his clothes were like those which John saw every day.

He smiled, showing his even, white teeth.

His black eyes looked frankly and pleasantly into John's blue ones; but he did not seem to feel happy or at home.

"If he were not so cruel, I should think he was afraid, too," John said to himself as they went into the house.

In the kitchen was John's gray kitten. The Indian boy looked at her with interest, but she ran away into a corner.

"Oh, dear!" thought John; "I know he will hurt my kitten. Perhaps he will kill her."

JOHN AND THE INDIAN — II

a live′ writ′ten sud′den ly shoul′der cud′dled
chin pen′cil pinch′ing strok′ing changed

"How fond John is of the kitten!" said Mrs. Howe a few days later. "It is always in his arms when he is not busy." But neither his father nor his mother knew that John did not dare to be long away from his little pet.

One day John was not well. He was sitting by the window thinking what a good time he could have if he could go out in the rain.

"I wish I had something to play with," he said to his mother. "Do you know where Muff is?"

His mother looked about the house, but the kitten was not to be found. "I will bring her to you as soon as I can," she said as she went back to her work.

John was sure that the Indian boy had taken the kitten. Perhaps even now poor Muff was suffering in those strong, cruel hands.

Just then the barn door opened and John saw the Indian boy come out. He had something in his hands. It was the kitten.

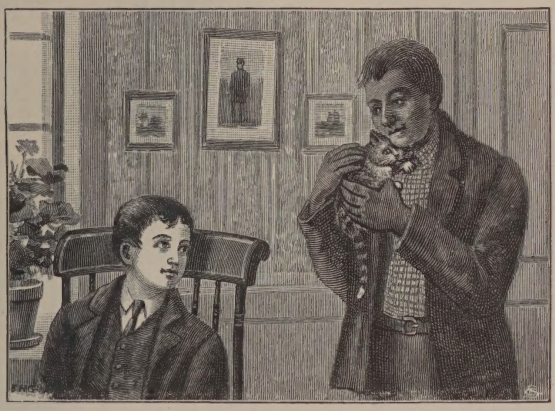
Muff was alive, for her tail was moving. "Perhaps he is pinching her," thought John.

Suddenly, to John's surprise, Muff ran up the Indian boy's shoulder. She cuddled under his chin, just as she would do with John.

"Kitty, kitty! nice kitty!" said the Indian, stroking her softly and gently.

How pleased John was!

The Indian boy came in and put Muff carefully into John's lap.



The next day John took out his geography and with a very black pencil changed the sentence about Indians so that it read, —

"Indians are *not* restless, cruel, lazy, and treacherous."

When the Indian boy saw the sentence, he smiled and took the pencil himself.

John looked to see what he had written.

The sentence now stood, —

"Indians are not always restless, cruel, lazy, and treacherous."

RUFF'S SECOND ADVENTURE

stray beg least a shamed′
par′don shag′gy un hap′py wrong
dol′lars shear′ing prom′ise

One day an old black dog came into the farmyard and lay down under the trees. He was not a beautiful dog like Father Hound. He looked tired and dusty. Ruff watched him for a few minutes and made up his mind that the strange dog must be in the wrong place.

"Bow-wow-wow! Who are you?" barked the little dog.

The big dog turned to look at Ruff, but before he could say a word Father Hound spoke sharply.

"Ruff," said he, "is this the way we spoke to you when you came? And you were only a little stray dog who had no right to be here. This dog, you can see, is old and tired. You might at least be polite to him."

Ruff was ashamed of himself at once. He remembered how kind they had all been to him.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the old dog. "I am very sorry."

The big shaggy dog wagged his tail gently. He liked the little dog because he was quick to say that he was in the wrong.

Father Hound went on: "To show you how wrong you were, Ruff, let me tell you that this is Max, the sheep dog, the most useful animal on the farm. He takes care of all our sheep,

and our master would not take a hundred dollars for him. He is so wise that we all come to him when we are not sure what is the right thing to do. And he is so kind and gentle that even the little kittens like to play with him. If you worked as hard as he does, perhaps you would look tired too."

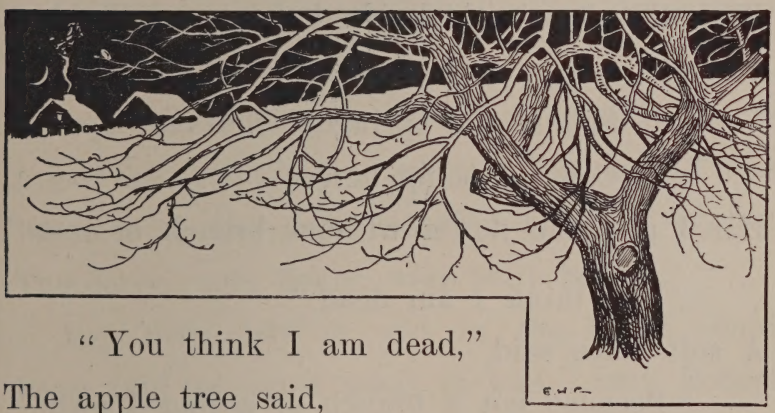
Father Hound's voice was sharp, and poor Ruff was feeling very unhappy, but Max said kindly: "Should you like to come down to the river to see the sheep? I have brought them all down for the spring shearing. They like to have their wool taken off when the days are so warm. The lambs are funny little things, but you must not bark at them to frighten them. It is easy to frighten them, and I have had to watch them all the way down."

Ruff gave a spring into the air which took all four feet off the ground.

"Oh, I should like to go with you!" he said gladly; "and I promise not to bark once."

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

moss'es	trunk	fold	root
plum'y	blade	dull	sown
with'ered		pa'tient	



"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow.
But I am alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away, —
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here, —
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or a root I own.
I never have died,
But close I hide
In the plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours.
You will see me again, —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

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EDITH M. THOMAS.

THEIR FIRST SNOWSTORM

break'fast hit spot ear'ly sun'ny hand'ful

"O papa! do come here and look out of doors!" said little Robert. He had just peeped out of the window of his sleeping room one morning in early winter.

Papa came at once and saw what had surprised his little boy so much. The ground was white with the first beautiful snow of winter. The large, soft flakes were still falling.

Any little boy or girl in the North could have told at once what it was. But Robert had always lived in the sunny South and had never seen snow before.

"Oh, let us dress quickly, and go out to play in it!" said little Robert.

Breakfast was soon over and papa took Robert and his little brother Carl out to play in the snow.

Carl was only three years old, but mamma said he might play in the soft snow.

"How cold the snow is!" said Robert as he picked up a handful.

Mamma made a little snowball and threw it at Robert. This made Carl laugh, and he

made a ball with his tiny hands and tried to hit papa.

Then they had great fun snowballing each other. They were careful not to make the balls hard, as they did not wish to hurt any one.

"Come here, Carl," said papa. Then he laid his little boy down in the soft snow. When he picked him up, he pointed to the spot and said, "Now, look! What is that?"

"It's a snow picture!" said Robert. "Now take one of me." So Robert had his picture taken too.

"Let us make big balls," said papa, who was rolling a ball over and over in the snow.

So they all began making snowballs, which grew larger and larger. Then papa took them all and made them look like a man.

"A snow man! A snow man!" shouted the children.

"We will let the snow man stand here while we take a ride," said papa.

He put both children on the sled and pulled them up and down the path. What a merry time they had!

"O papa!" said Robert; "snowballing is such fun! I wish we might have a snowstorm every day."

GIVE HEED TO LITTLE THINGS

eat'en a rose' car'go weak inch
worth pumps storm silks leak
de stroy' launched lives tim'ber

One day two men were at work in a yard where ships are built.

They were getting ready a small piece of timber to put into the ship. They found in it a little worm not more than half an inch long.

"This piece of wood is wormy," said one of the men. "Shall we put it in?"

"Yes, I think so," said the other. "It will never be seen."

"It may be that it will never be seen; but perhaps there are other worms in it. By and by they may destroy the ship."

"No, I think not. It is true this little piece of timber is not worth much, but I do not wish to lose it. Let us put it in; we have seen only one worm."

And so the bit of timber was put into the ship.

The ship was made and launched. For ten years it did well. But at last it began to grow weak, as its timbers were very much worm-eaten.

The captain thought he could get it home in safety. He had many people and a rich cargo of silks and tea on board.

On the way home a great storm arose. The ship was tossed about by the angry waves.

At last there came a leak in the ship. There were two pumps in the ship. The men worked day and night, but could not pump the water out as fast as it ran in.

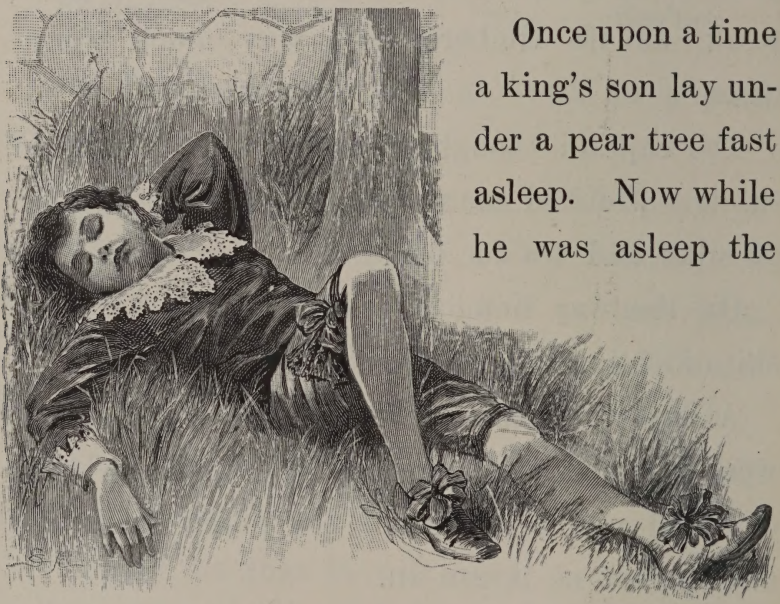
The ship slowly filled with water. Little by little it sank until at last it went down under the cruel waves.

The rich cargo and all the lives were lost.

How much harm a man may do when he fails to do right, even in little things!

THE PRINCE AND THE BEE

du′ty knife pear joy trap net
lone′ly un der stand′ eas′i er



Once upon a time a king's son lay under a pear tree fast asleep. Now while he was asleep the queen of the bees came. She was tired of flying and she stopped to rest on his hand.

When he awoke he saw the bee.

"Poor, tired bee!" he said kindly. "I will not frighten you away. Rest as long as you like. I will keep quite still."

Soon the bee flew away, but the prince heard a voice say:

"Oh! pick the green pear which grows by the wall,
For that is the very best pear of all."

Then the prince looked up into the pear tree and saw a little hard green pear which grew by the wall. It did not look as if it were at all good to eat. He took hold of the pear, but he could not break it off the stem.

Then he heard a voice say:

"First free the bird in the oak tree tall,
Before you may pick the pear by the wall,
Which is the very best pear of all."

So the prince went into the woods to look for a tall oak tree. Soon he heard a bird crying. It was caught in a net in a tree. The prince took out his knife to cut the net, when he heard a voice say:

"First help the mouse in your father's hall,
He will free the bird in the oak tree tall,
And then you may pick the pear by the wall,
Which is the very best pear of all."

By this time the prince was used to doing what the voice said; but it did seem as if the pear would not be worth all the trouble.

Up he went to his father's hall, and there was a poor little mouse in a trap. When the prince opened the trap, the little mouse ran out into the woods as fast as it could go. With its sharp teeth it made a hole in the net, and out flew the bird.

Then the prince went to the pear tree and picked the hard, green pear. When he had picked it, he heard a hundred little voices in the air.

They were the voices of the birds and the bees and the grass and the flowers, and even the deep, soft voice of the wind in the tree tops.

"Now I know what you are saying," cried the prince with joy. "All my life I have longed to know what it is you say. I am glad I can understand you now."

"All your life you shall know what we say," said the first voice, "because you have learned the great lesson of the world.

Every time you put out your hand to help some one, you learn a little more of the lesson. As you go on, you will find it easier and easier to understand. Each duty that you do will make the next one easier."

Then the king's son went back to his father's hall, and his life seemed to go on very much as before. But now the winds and the woods spoke to him so that he was never lonely or unhappy. And though he grew to be a wise man and became a great king, he did not forget the lesson he had learned when he was a boy.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

slide sir cast breath nod rope
drag'ging gen'tle man de serves'

It was a cold morning. Frank was on his way to school. His red cap was pulled down over his ears. He was dragging his sled over the snow.

"Frank! Frank! Wait for me!" called a little boy who was standing at the open door of a small white house. His mother was trying to button his coat, but the little boy was in such a hurry that he could not stand still.

"There 's Teddy French," said Frank to himself. "Now I suppose I must pull him to school on my sled. And I shall be too late for the long slide. It 's too bad!"

Frank went up the street as if he did not hear. Teddy ran after him, but his little legs could not go very fast.

"Oh, Frank!" he called again. "Do wait!"

Frank did not turn his head. An old man on the other side of the street looked back and smiled at Teddy. Teddy did not smile. He was afraid Frank did not wish to hear.

Frank was still talking to himself.

"I might as well wait. He is a nice little boy. I can give up the long slide to-day." Then he turned back.

"Come on, Teddy!" said he. "Should you like to ride?"

Teddy cast himself on the sled, out of breath but full of joy. Frank was good to him, after all.

The old man had crossed the street.

"Could two boys sit on that sled?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Frank, pulling off his cap. "They could."

"Sit down, then," said the old man, "and you may both have a ride."

He took the rope in his hand and away they went. It was like the long slide. He could

not have been such a very old man, after all. Once he ran a long way, and the sled flew over the snow.

"What fun!" cried Teddy. "Oh, what fun!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Frank, when the sled stopped at last in front of the schoolhouse. "That was a fine ride. And we have time for one long slide before school."

"I am glad you liked it," said the gentleman, with a friendly nod. "One good turn deserves another, my boy."

"I don't know what he meant by that," said Frank to Teddy. "I am sure I never saw him before this morning, and I never did a thing for him."

CRADLE SONG

shak'ing thy thee moon
shep'herd ess dream'land

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep!
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The great stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep!
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

FOR MY PAPA — I

broad mit'tens her self' struck
clock cot'tage bought tow'er
rail'road sta'tion en gi neer'

It was a cold winter day. Snow lay thick on the ground and trees. It covered the little brown cottage where Jack lived. It covered the road and the fences. It hid the bushes in the garden.

Jack's papa was an engineer. The cottage was not far from the railroad station. Just as the big clock in the tower struck five the door of the cottage opened and little Jack ran out.

"Good-by, mamma," said Jack. "Oh, you did not give me a kiss for papa," he said as he ran back to get it.

"Here it is, dear," said mamma. "Are you sure you are quite warm?"

"Yes, indeed," said Jack. "I am warm. I could not be cold with my new coat, and the warm cap and mittens that papa bought for me."

Mamma watched little Jack until he turned into the broad street.

As she went back into the house she said to herself, "He is almost too small to go alone, but he is such a brave little fellow."

Jack was only five years old, but he felt very much older now that he could carry papa's supper to him.

He went along very proudly with his big tin pail. It was so heavy that he had to take it first in one hand and then in the other.

He ran quickly along, and just as he turned the corner something ran into him. Down he went into the snow, and his pail fell into the street.

Two men had turned the corner just as Jack did, and he was so little they did not see him till they ran against him.

One of the men quickly picked him up and said, "Are you hurt?"

"Oh, no," said Jack; "but where is my pail? That's for my papa."

The other man picked it up and gave it to little Jack, saying: "Poor little boy! it is too bad we should run into you. Where are you going with your big pail so late in the day?"

"I am going to carry it to papa," said Jack. "I go every night; I am not afraid if it is dark. I am five years old."

"Well, you are a brave little boy," said the two men as they went away.

Then Jack ran on and pretty soon reached the station. There was no train in sight. "O dear!" said Jack; "I am afraid I am late." But it was the train that was late.

FOR MY PAPA — II

puff sand'wich to-night' cook'ies hel lo'
cab head'light ea'ger ly en'gine since

Soon Jack saw the big, bright headlight of the engine as it came into the station. "Puff, puff, puff," came the engine, and soon it stopped at the station.

Jack ran eagerly up to the noisy engine and cried: "Hello, papa!"

"Hello, Jack!" called a bright voice as his papa jumped down and caught the little fellow in his arms.

Then he took him and his pail into the cab and held him in his lap. "What has my little boy for papa to-night?" he said.

"First I have mamma's kiss," said Jack. It took papa some time to take that kiss and many more that were Jack's.

"Oh, papa," said Jack; "I almost lost your supper because I fell down when I was coming."

"Why, how did that happen?" said papa.

Then Jack told him all about the two men, and papa said: "Well, I do not care since it did not hurt my little boy. Now let us see what we have for supper."

"There are some cookies; I saw mamma make them this morning. And here are some good sandwiches too."

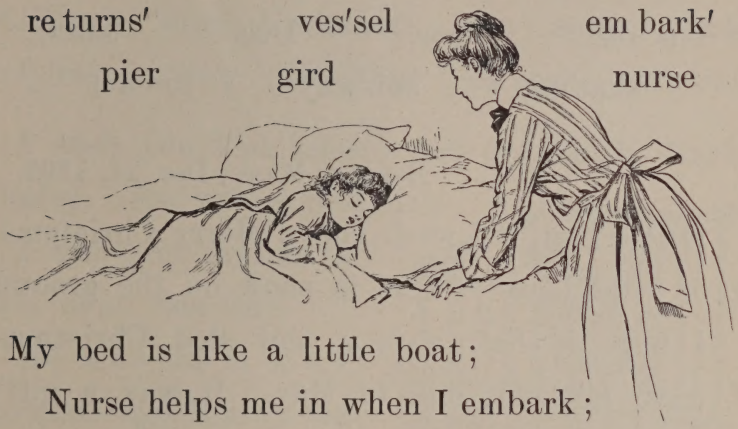
"I know they will taste good," said papa; "but now my little man must run home. I must be off to the city soon."

So the engineer lifted little Jack carefully from the cab. "Good night, little man," he said.

"Good night, papa," said little Jack, as he started to go home.

MY BED IS A BOAT

re turns′ ves′sel em bark′
pier gird nurse



My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
"Good-night" to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

R. L. Stevenson.

NED'S LETTER

Bos'ton Mass. Dec. skates
skat'ing sub'way tun'nel

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 24, 1902.

DEAR TOM, — I wish you a Merry Christmas! It is cold here. There is snow on the ground.

I hope I shall have a new sled Christmas. I gave my old one to May. It was a girl's sled. It was blue. I like a red sled best.

I sent you some skates in a box. They are just like mine. I wish you were here. We could go skating. I would show you the subway. It goes under the street. It is a big tunnel. It is white inside. It is not dark at all. There are lights all the way. It seems funny to ride under the street.

Good-by. Do come to see me soon.

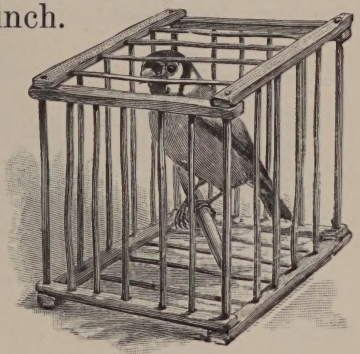
Your cousin,

NED BRIMMER.

MARK TAPLEY—I

bull'finch tune Ger'ma ny cage spite perch help'less store bob'bing ex pect' crick'et

I wish you had known our dear little Mark Tapley. He was a bullfinch.



I met him first in a bird store one day.

He was in a tiny wooden cage, hardly big enough to turn round in.

He had come all the way from Germany in a cage. One of his poor little legs had been broken on the way over.

As I stopped to look at him, down he hopped on one leg. The poor broken leg hung helpless at his side. How sorry I felt for the poor bird!

I tried to tell him how sorry I was.

He began to rub his feathers against the side of the cage. He whistled a merry tune

and kept time by bobbing his head up and down.

Dear brave little fellow, — so merry in spite of his broken leg and close cage! I bought him at once. I did what I could for the poor broken leg, and it was soon well enough for him to hold the perch with his toes.

Now you would expect a one-legged bird to be sad, but not so was our Mark.

All the time he was as merry as a cricket. The way he whistled and sang and made a puffball of himself was a lesson to the rest of us.

So we named him Mark Tapley, because he was always so cheerful, like the real Mark Tapley of whom you may read some day.

You never saw such a busy, busy bird as our little Mark, — nor such a merry one.

MARK TAPLEY — II

cough tic'kled en joy' pres'ents tricks
tan'gled drew thrown back'wards

Sometimes the door of Mark's cage was left open. Then he would come hopping out on his one leg and fly up on our heads or shoulders. He would sit there as long as we would let him, — whistling his pretty little tunes and rubbing his feathers against our cheeks.

Often I placed a seed between my lips; then how quickly Mark's bright eyes would find it!

If I placed the seed on my tongue and drew it back into my mouth, Mark would cling to my lip and teeth and put his little head in after the seed.

Sometimes his feathers tickled and made me cough, which sent him flying across the room. But he seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any of us and would return again after the seed.

Bullfinches have a way of making presents to those they love. These presents are rather queer ones, to be sure. Some people might not care for them, if they thought only of the real worth of the present. But that is a very poor way, I think.

These birds will pick up all the threads they can find and carry them to those they most love.

Our dear little bird would hop about and pick up all the bits of thread he could find.

His broken leg very often played him sad tricks. It became tangled in the threads and threw him down. But he would get up just as often and try to hop along with his threads.

After a while he was bright enough to learn to hop backwards. Then he did not get thrown down so often.

We all loved our Mark Tapley, — merry little Mark. No one could help it. He was such a dear, merry-hearted fellow!

HELEN HARCOURT.

THE LOST DOLL

heath folks trod'den
pret'ti est charm'ing ly

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair's not the least bit curled;
Yet for old time's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TOM'S REPLY

New York′ park af fec′tion ate

NEW YORK, Dec. 27, 1902.

MY DEAR NED, — I thank you very much for the skates. My old ones were so short that I gave them away. I went skating this morning at the Park. It was great fun. We had a fire to warm our hands.

I am going to Boston next week. Father will take me with him. I shall bring my skates. It will be fun to go through the subway, for I have heard so much about it.

In New York we are making a tunnel under the river. That will be more wonderful than the subway, I think. When it is done I hope you will come and see it.

With wishes for a Happy New Year, I am,

Your affectionate cousin,

TOM BARTON.

THE LAND OF STORY BOOKS

spy	star′ry	par′ents	track
lit	brink	fol′low	so′fa
	a′ny thing	sol′i tudes	

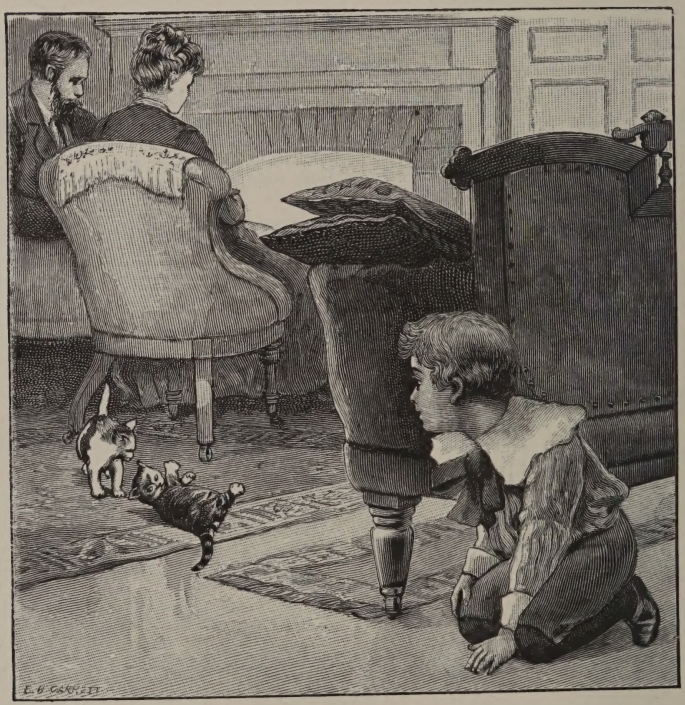
At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;

And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.



So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story Books.

R. L. Stevenson.

THE NEW COAT

spot′ted	al though′	shade
ma′ple	spec′kled	fresh

A brown toad hopped into the path under the shade of a big maple tree. His speckled coat looked very rough and not very clean.

He was working at his coat as if he were trying to get it off. Perhaps he was too warm, although he was sitting in a cool spot.

He pulled away at his coat, holding one end in his mouth. He could not hold it very well, for he had no teeth to help him.

Pretty soon the spotted coat began to come off a little from his back. Slowly he pulled out one arm, then another. At last he pulled the coat very slowly over his funny little head.

Did Mr. Toad wear two coats? Surely there is still a coat on his back. It looks as fresh as a new one. It is a new one, and there sits the toad under the maple tree looking very gay.

A LESSON FOR LIFE

a′ble	lock′ing	search	key
seek	poi′son	health	lid
thank′ful		breathed	

One rainy day two brothers, Harry and Fred, could not play out of doors. So they began to play hide-and-seek in the house.

At last Harry hid in a large box, and for a while Fred could not find him.

He was about to give up the search when he heard a noise. It came from the big box that stood against the wall.

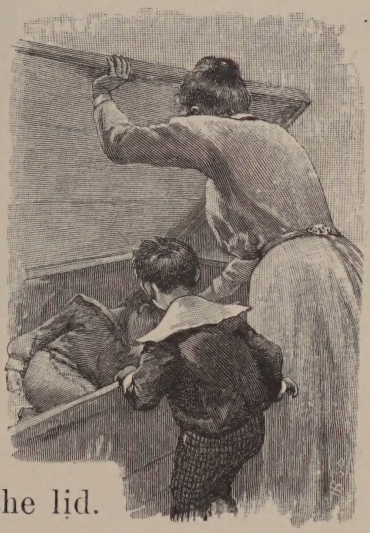
Going softly towards the box, he saw that the lid was not quite shut and he could hear some one moving inside.

Feeling sure that Harry was hiding there, he ran to the box, shut the lid, and turned the key, locking in his brother.

Harry cried out and tried to push open the lid, but he could not. Just then Fred heard

his mother calling and ran off to see what she wanted.

She sent him on an errand and when he came back she asked him where Harry was.



Fred laughed and said he had locked up his brother. His mother told him to set the little fellow free at once, and went to see that he did it.

When she saw the box, she quickly turned the key and threw open the lid.

As soon as she saw Harry she cried out, "Oh, Fred! what have you done?"

There in the box lay Harry quite still. He neither moved nor spoke.

"Oh, Fred! run for the doctor, quick!" said his mother, as she lifted Harry out and laid him upon the sofa.

Off ran Fred as hard as he could go. He soon brought the doctor back with him. They were just in time.

After a while Harry opened his eyes and was able to sit up. Oh, how glad Fred was then! He had not meant to hurt his brother.

"Why did it hurt him so much, doctor, to be locked up for such a little time?" said Fred.

"Because he soon breathed all the pure air in the box," said the doctor.

"If fresh air had not been given him by opening the box, he would soon have been dead.

I hope you will not forget this, my boy; we need good, pure air all the time. Bad air is poison, and those who breathe it will be ill, and may die. To keep your health you must breathe pure air."

How thankful Fred was to see his little brother well again! As for himself, he had learned a lesson for life.

LITTLE BROWN COAT'S STORY

space cir'cle forth jaws fore leap tugged
chat'tered strip'ed shak'en mon'ster

Nana stood watching a pretty brown squirrel on the ground. He looked at her and chattered as fast as he could. Perhaps what he said was like this: —

"I am not so big as you, little girl; but I am not afraid of you, for I can get out of sight before you can take two steps after me.

I have no hands, but I use my fore feet in place of hands. Have you ever seen me eat nuts or crumbs? I hold them up to my mouth with my fore paws.

I live with Papa and Mamma Squirrel and my little brothers and sisters in a dear little home under a big stone in the wall.

We like to play in the trees. We can start from our home and go all around that great circle of trees without touching the ground.

Yet we do not fly, like the birds. Up one tree we race, — out on the limbs to the very end of the twigs; then we take a flying leap across the space and catch a twig on the next tree.

One day I found out that we have enemies. I was running along in the trees when I saw a fine nut on the ground. I ran down to get it, when I felt a great pain in my back; I was lifted up, shaken, and set down again. A great monster with big eyes and a striped coat stood over me.

'Run away, little squirrel,' he said. 'I like to see you run.'

But when I moved the monster set his teeth in my back again.

Then he tossed me up. I shut my eyes. I felt sure he was going to eat me. All at once he caught me up and began to run.

Back and forth, up and down he went. Two people were chasing him. They wished to save me.

At last one of them got hold of him; the other put her hand into his mouth to open it. How she tugged to get his teeth out of me!

At last she pulled his jaws apart. Down I fell on the ground. 'Poor little thing! he is dead,' said one lady. But I moved and ran a little way. Then she held the monster so he could not get me.

'See!' said the lady; 'I did not think anything could stand such teeth. Run away home as fast as you can, little squirrel.'

You may be sure I did run. I was so glad when I was safe at home! Mamma Squirrel said that after this I must always look before I leap."

RUFF'S THIRD ADVENTURE

tem′per	ly′ing	stol′en	for′ward
worse	ei′ther	bones	else
thief	steal	lame	pound
in stead′			yawned

"What is the matter, Ruff? Come, come, little dog! you must not let yourself get so angry. You are old enough to take better care of that temper of yours."

Max, the sheep dog, had been lying half asleep on the barn floor, but he sat up now as Ruff threw himself down beside him.

"It's a shame!" cried the little gray dog. "The Brown Brothers have stolen all the bones I had hidden away."

Max did not look up at once. He did not even look surprised. Instead of doing either of these things, he yawned — a slow, sleepy yawn.

"You may tell that story to the hens," said he at last. "Perhaps they are stupid enough to believe you. No one else will."

"But it's true," said Ruff.

"You saw the Brown Brothers take the bones, did you?" Max asked.

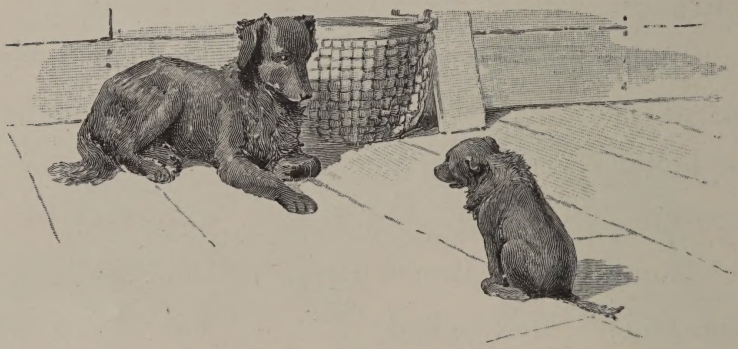
"No," said little Ruff slowly. "I didn't see them do it, but they are the only ones who know my hiding place. No one else could be the thief."

"Be careful, Ruff! you may be a thief yourself," said Max sharply.

"I — a thief?" Ruff could not say another word. He had known very little when he came

to the farm, but even then he would have been ashamed to tell a lie or to take what was not his own.

"Which would be worse," Max went on, "to steal a bone from me, or from Father Hound, who is too lame to run after you?"



"It would be worse to steal it from him," said Ruff. "But I never did such a thing."

"Why would it be worse?" said Max.

"Because he could not help himself," said Ruff after thinking a minute.

"That's right," said Max. "It is a mean thing to take away from the helpless what belongs to them.

"The Brown Brothers have a very good name," Max went on. "That means that we feel sure they would not steal anything. But you are trying to take away that good name which is worth more to them than all the bones in the world. Do you think that is the right thing to do, Ruff?"

"But I'm *sure*—" began the little dog. Just then Carl came up from the garden with a pail on his arm.

"Well, Ruff," said he, "I have taken those old bones you had hidden in the garden to pound up for my vines. I'll give you some more to-day, with meat on them."

Ruff looked at Carl and at the sky and at the trees. He did not wish to look at Max.

Max let his fore feet slide forward and dropped his curly head upon his paws again.

"It was a mistake, little dog," said he. "We all make mistakes sometimes. Don't make this one again, that's all."

ONE, TWO, THREE[1]

half-past	thin	twist'ed	knee
wrink'led	chi'na	clos'et	glee
chest	cup'board		
wee	press	stirred	

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She could n't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,

[1] From "Rowen." Copyright, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I 'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you 'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he 'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet,"
He would cry, and laugh with glee —
It was n't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key."
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you 're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be;
So it must be the clothes-press, grandma."
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

H. C. Bunner.

COMING AND GOING—I

hatched pair mate pit'ied sor'row feed'ing
hum'ming hap'pier an'swered a'ny bod y

A pair of birds once came to our fields. They had never built a nest nor seen a winter. They thought it would be summer all the time.

Oh, how beautiful everything was! The fields were full of flowers. The grass was growing tall. The bees were humming everywhere.

Then one of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?"

And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing."

Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered, "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?"

Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by. They pitied them because they were not birds and had no nest with eggs in it.

One day, when the father bird came home, the mother bird said, "Oh, what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!"

Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers. Then another, and another, till five little birds were hatched. Now the father bird sang longer and louder than ever.

The mother bird, too, wanted to sing. But she had no time, and so she turned her song into

work. So hungry were these little birds that both parents were kept busy feeding them. Away each one flew.

The moment the little birds heard their wings among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open wide. "Can anybody be happier?" said the father bird. "We will live in this tree always. There is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

COMING AND GOING — II

flown	re mained′	un eas′y
vain	si′lent ly	praised

The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest. The cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained.

The parent birds were very sad. There was no song all that day nor the next.

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly. There was then a great time.

The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another. The parents praised him and the other little birds wondered how he did it.

He was so vain that he tried again. He flew and flew. He could not stop flying till he fell down by the house door. A little boy caught him and carried him into the house.

Only three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not so bright as it used to be. They did not sing so often.

In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings. They flew away and away.

They found their own food and made their own beds. Their parents never saw them any more.

Then the old birds looked at each other a long while. At last the mother bird said, "Why don't you sing?"

And he answered, "I can't sing — I can only think and think!" "What are you thinking of?" "I am thinking how everything changes.

The leaves are falling. The flowers are all gone, or going. Last night there was a frost.

Almost all the birds are flown, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me. I feel restless, as if I would fly far away. Let us fly away together!"

Then they rose silently. They looked to the north; far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south; there they saw green leaves!

All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew. Then they found a land where there was no winter; where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom and birds always sing.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

RUFF'S LAST ADVENTURE—I

howled stern stairs
un der stood' led

"Ruff," said Master Carl one night, "do you think that little dogs have nothing to do in the world but to eat and sleep and play?"

Ruff wagged his tail as if he understood.

"Now," said Carl, "we all have our work to do, and it is time that you learn to do yours. Are you ready, sir?"

Ruff fairly beat the ground with his tail to show Carl how very ready he was.

It was dark. Carl led the dog into the house and showed him a round basket in the hall.

"There, sir," said he; "that is where you

are to sleep to-night. But you must sleep with one ear open. If you hear a noise that you can't understand, you must bark until I come. Can you do that?"

Ruff thought he could. He jumped into the basket, curled himself into a ball, and laid his head between his paws, with one ear lifted up, as if to say, "Look at me! See how well I can do it!"

Carl took the lamp and went away to bed. The house was very dark and still. The basket was not quite like home after all. It was strange not to hear the gentle breathing of the Brown Brothers. Little Ruff was very lonely. It seemed to him that he had been there in the dark for hours and hours. At last he sat up on his hind legs, threw back his head and howled.

Such a noise! One would hardly believe that a little dog could make such a noise. Carl came to the stairs to see what was the matter. As

soon as Ruff heard his master he stopped howling and ran to meet him.

"You are a naughty dog," said Carl in a stern voice. "Go back and lie down in your basket, sir. When you hear a strange noise you may bark, but you are not to howl again. I am ashamed of you."

Ruff was ashamed of himself. He lay down in his basket and shut his eyes. Again the house was very still.

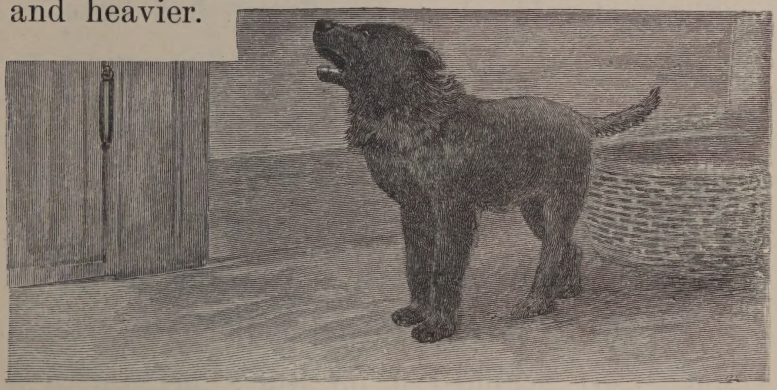
RUFF'S LAST ADVENTURE — II

sneeze fourth pad'lock smoke Ju ly'
flame rat'tle heav'i er throat roof
crac'kling pail'fuls smart'ing faith'ful

It was an hour or two after this that Ruff woke up with a smarting in his nose and throat. The air was thick and heavy. Something made Ruff sneeze.

"Where have I smelled that smell before?" he thought. "I remember now. It was at the

bonfire the night before the Fourth of July. Oh, dear! I hope we are not going to have another day like that." The air grew thicker and heavier.



"There is n't noise enough for a Fourth of July," went on Ruff to himself. "I will not bark until I hear a noise."

Just then his quick ear caught a faint crackling sound. He sat up and listened. The sound grew louder, the air was still thicker.

"I think I must bark now," said the little dog. "Something is wrong, I am sure."

Something was wrong. A line of flame was creeping along the edge of the roof.

But Carl was awake now. He was quick to see what was to be done. A few pailfuls of water put the fire out. Only some black boards on the roof told where the flames had been.

"Good little dog!" said Carl, stooping to stroke Ruff, who was still sneezing from the smoke. "My good, faithful little dog!"

Ruff thought this was great praise; but when Carl came home from the city he brought Ruff a beautiful collar. On the collar was Ruff's name. Carl fastened it on Ruff's neck with a tiny padlock.

The Brown Brothers were as pleased and proud as Ruff himself. They did not quite understand what it meant, but they knew that now Ruff was going to stay. As for Ruff, he nearly stood on his nose so that he might see himself in the brook, and he shook his head so often to hear the padlock rattle that Mother Hound was really afraid he might be ill.

WORD LIST

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in fāte	ĕ as in mĕt	o͝o as in o͝obey	ŭ as in ŭp
a̓ " senate	ē " hēr	o͝o " nō͝ot	û " fûr
ă " făt	ê " thêre	o̤ " mo̤ve	u̳ " ru̳le
ä " ärm	ēē " fēēt	o̤o " wo̤lf	u̳ " pu̳ll
a̤ " a̤ll		ȯ " sȯn	ȳ " flȳ
å " åsk	ī " īce	ô " hôrse	y̆ " baby̆
a̤ " what	i̇ " i̇dea	o͞o " fo͞od	
â " câre	ĭ " ĭt	o͝o " fo͝ot	oi " boil
	ī " sĭr		oy " boy
ė " mēte		ū " ūse	ou " out
ĕ " ĕvent	ō " ōld	u̇ " u̇nite	ow " cow

c (unmarked)	as in call	qu (= kw)	as in quit
c̣	" mi̇c̣e	ṣ (= z)	" i̇ṣ
ch (unmarked)	" child	th (unmarked)	" thin
e͟h	" se͟hool	th	" then
g (unmarked)	" go	wh (= hw)	" what
g̣ (= j)	" cag̣e	x (unmarked)	" vex
ng	" ring	x̱ (= gz)	" exact
n̰ (= ng)	" ink	z	" zone
ph (= f)	" phantom		

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound, are marked thus, a̤, e̤, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

ā′ble	a̤l′sȯ	a′nў thĭng	bā′bĭe̤ṣ
		(ĕ)	
a̤ bout′	a̤l thō*ugh*′	Ar′ăb	băck′wardṣ
ā′côrnṣ	A̤ mĕr′ĭ ca̤		bă̤d (ĕ)
ăf fĕc′tion a̤te	ă̤n′ĭ malṣ	ärmṣ	bă̤g
(sh)	ă̤n ȯth′ĕr	a̤ rōs*e*′	bă̤l lo͞on′
a̤ft′ĕr	ă̤n′s*w*ĕred	ă̤r rā*y*′	bâ*r*e
a̤ gainst′	a̤nts	ă̤r′rȯ*w*	bärk
(ĕ)			
a̤ lī*gh*t′ĕd	anx′ious lў	a̤ shāme*d*′	bȧs′kĕts
	(a̤nk shŭs)		
a̤ līv*e*′	a′nў bȯd y̆	ā*t*e	bă̤t
a̤l′mōst	(ĕ)	a̤ wāke′	ba̤th

bắt′tle
bēach
bēak
bēan
beârs
bēat
bēat′en
bēa′vĕr
bė cāme′
bė cȯme′
bė fōre′
bĕg
bė găn′
bĕgged
bė līēve′
bė lŏng′
bė lōw′
bė sīde′
bĭrd′ĭe
bĭrth′dāy
bīte
bĭt′tĕr
blāde
blăn′kĕts
blĭnk′ĭng
blŏcks
blŏs′sȯms
bōards
bŏb′bĭng
bōnes
bŏn′fīre
bo͞oks
bo͞om
bôrn
Bôs′tȯn
bôught
bound
bōw
bōwl
bow′wow
brȧnch
brĕad
brĕak′fȧst
brĕast
brĕath
brēathed
brĭcks
brĭdge
brīght′ĕst
brĭng′ĭng
brĭnk
broȧd
brō′ken
bu͝ild
bu͝ilt
bu͝ll′fĭnch
bŭm′ble bee
bŭn′dle
bur′ĭed
(ĕ)
bu͝sh′ĕs
bŭt′tȯn

căb
cāge
cămp
căn′dy
căp′taĭn
câre′ful lў
cär′gō
cär′pĕt
cȧst
cătch
cȧught
cāve
châirs
chȧnçe
chānged
chärm′ĭng lў
chās′ĭng
chăt′tĕred
chēeks
chēered
chēer′fu͝l lў
chĕst
chīef
chīld
chĭn
chī′nȧ
Chrĭst′mȧs
çĭr′cle
çĭt′y
clēan
clēar
clīmb
clĭng′ĭng
clŏck
clōse
clŏs′ĕt
clōthes
cōals
cŏl′lar
Cō lŭm′bŭs
cȯm′ĭng
cōnes
co͞ok
co͞ok′ĭes
co͞ol
côr′nĕr
cŏt′tȧge
cŏt′tȯn
côugh
(f)
count′ĕd
coŭn′trў
coŭs′ins

crăck
crăc′klĭng
crā′dle
crawled
crā′zy
creep
crĕpt
crĭck′ĕt
crĭed
crŏps
crowd
crown
cru′ĕl
cŭd′dled
cŭp
cŭp′board
cŭt′tĭng (b)

dāin′tў
dançed
dān′ġĕr
dâre
dĕad
Dĕ çĕm′bĕr
deep
deer
dĕ servęs′
dĕsks
dĕ stroy′
dĭe
dĭm
dĭm′pled
dĭn
dĭn′nĕr
dĭp′pĕr
dĭs ăp point′ĕd
dŏc′tor
dŏl′larș
dŏm′ĭ nōeș
dȯne
dōor′stĕp
dŏt′tĕd
dȯve
dȯz′en
drăg′gĭng
drănk
drĕad′ful lў
drēam′lănd
drew
drĭfts (u)
drīv′ĭng
drōop
drŏpped
drōve
drown
drow′șў
dŭg
dŭll
dū′tў

ēa′gĕr lў
ĕar′lў
ēarș
ēaș′ĭ ĕr
ēaș′ў
ēat′en
ĕdġe
ēi′thĕr
ĕlse
ĕm bärk′
ĕn′ĕ mĭeș
ĕn′ġĭne
ĕn ġĭ nēer′
En′gland
En′glĭsh men (f)
ĕn joy′ (f)
ĕ noŭgh′
ē′ven ĭng (f)
ĕv′ĕr
ĕx çĕpt′
ĕx pĕct′

fāçe
fāil
fāint
fâir
fāith′ful
făm′ĭ lў
färm
färm′ĕr
fȧs′tened
făt
fēar
fēed′ĭng
feel
fĕl′lōw
fĕnçe
few (ū)
fĭn′gĕrș
flāme
flăt
flăt′ĭ ron
flee (ŭrn)
flīeș
flōat′ĕd
flōwn
flŭt′tĕred
fōld
fōlks
fŏl′lōw

fŏnd
fo͞od
fo͞ol′ĭsh
fo͞ot
fōre
fŏr′ĕst
fŏr gŏt′
fōrth
fôr′ward
fôught
fōurth
Frånçe
frăn̲k′lў
fre͞e
frĕsh
friĕnds
frīght′ened
frĭsk′ў
frō
frȯnt
frȯst
full
fŭn′nў
fûrs

gāin
gāmes
găs
gāy′lў
ġĕn′tle man
ġĕ ŏg′rȧ phў
Ġĕr′ma nў
gīrd
gle͞e
gōats
gōes
grănd′fä thĕr
grănd′mä
grȧss′hŏp pĕr
gre͞ed′ў
group
guĕss
gŭlls
gŭn

hälf
hälf pȧst
hall
hănd′ful
hăn′dle
hăp′pened
hăp′pĭ ĕr
hătched
hĕad′līght
hĕalth
hēap
heärt
hēath
hĕav′ĭ ĕr
hĕld
hĕl lō′
hĕlp′lĕss
hĕr sĕlf′
hīde
hĭll′sīde
hĭm sĕlf′
hīnd
hĭt
hŏn′or
hŏp
hōped
hŏpped
hŏt
hound
howled
hūe
hŭm′mĭng
hŭn′drĕd
hŭng
hŭnt
hŭr′rў

ĭll
ĭnch
ĭn de͞ed′
Ĭn′dĭ ȧ
Ĭn′dĭ ȧns

ĭn′nŏ çent
ĭn stĕad′
ĭn′tĕr ĕst
Ĭs ȧ bel′lȧ
īs′land
Ĭt′ȧ lў
ĭt sĕlf′

jăck′ĕt
jăck′straws
jaws
joy
Jû lў′

ke͞en
kĕn′nĕl
kēy
kĭssed
kĭtch′ĕn
kĭt′tў
knē͞e
knīfe
knŏcked

lā′dў
lāid
lāme
lămp
lāne

lăn′tĕrn
lärġ′ĕst
lärk
lăshed
lāte
läughed
(f)
läunched
lāy
lēad
lēak
lēan′ĭng
lēap
lēast
lĕd
lĕss
lĕt′tĕr
lĭd
līe
līfe
lĭl′ў
lĭmbs
līne
līned
lĭn′ĕn
lī′ȯns
lĭs′ten
lĭt
līves

lŏck′ĭng
lŏg
lōne′lў
los′ĭng
loud
lōw
lōw′ĕst
lŭck
lŭnch
lў′ĭng

māid
mā′ple
March
Măss.
mȧs′tĕr
māte
Māy′flow ĕr
mĕant
mēat
mĕd′ĭ çĭne
mēet′ĭng
mĕlt′ĕd
mĕr′rĭ ĕst
mĭl′lion
(y)
mīnd
mĭn′ute
(f)
mĭssed

mĭs tākes′
mĭt′tĕns
mō′ment
mȯn′eў
mŏn′stĕr
mȯnths
mōon
môrn′ĭng
mŏss′ĕs
mōst
mouth
mŭd
mў sĕlf′

naugh′tў
nāy
nĕck
nēed
nēe′dles
nēi′thĕr
nĕt
New Yôrk′
(ū)
nĕxt
nīçe
nīght′gown
nŏd
nȯne
nōon

nôr
nȯth′ĭng
nŭn
nûrse

ȯ beyed′
(ā)
ō′ceȧn
(sh)
Ŏc tō′bĕr
ŏdd
ōn′lў
ôught
our sĕlves′
out′sīde
ōwn′ĕr

păd′lŏck
pāil
pāil′fuls
pāin
pāints
pâir
păn
pā′pĕr
pär′don
pâr′ents
pärk
pärt′lў
pärt′ў

pȧss
pȧth
pā′tient
(sh)
pa͡w
peâr
pĕarl
pĕcked
peēp
pĕn′çĭl
pēo′ple
pĕrch
pĕr′fūme
pĕr hăps′
pĕt
pĭcked
pĭc′nĭc
pĭc′tûre
pi͟ēr
pīes
pĭ′ġeons
Pĭl′grĭms
pĭll
pĭnch′ĭng
pĭnk
pĭtch
pĭt′ĭed
pĭt′ĭ
plāins

plăn
plănt
plȧs′tĕr
plūm′ĭ
point′ĕrs
poi′son
pōles
pō līte′
pō′nĭ
pōst
pound
pō*ur*′ĭng
prāised
prĕs′ents
prĕss
pret′tĭ ĕst
(f)
prīde
prĭnçe
prŏm′ĭse
proud
pŭff
pŭmps
pûr′ple
push

queēn
queēr
quĭck

quīte
quĭv′ĕr

rāi*l*′rōad
răt′tle
rā*y*
rēach
rĕad′ĭ
rē′al
rē′al lĭ
rē mā*i*ned′
rē mĕm′bĕr
rĕst′lĕss
rē tûrns′
rĭch
rī*gh*t
rīse
rō*a*r
rōde
rōof
rōot
rōpe
rōs′ĭ
ro͡ugh
(f)
rōv′ĕr
rŭbbed
rŭs′tled

săd
săd′dle
sāf′ĕr
sāfe′tĭ
sā*i*l′or
sāke
sāme
sănd′wĭch
săng
săn͟k
săt′ĭn
sāved
scāles
scârçe′lĭ
scăt′tĕr
scĭs′sŏrs
Scŏt′land
Scŏts
sĕarch
sē*a*t′ĕd
seēk
sĕn′tençe
sĕt
sĕv′en
shāde
shăg′gĭ
shāk′en
shāk′ĭng
shāme

shärp
shē*ar*′ĭng
shĕ*ll*
shĕp′*h*ĕrd ĕss
shīn*e*
shō͞ot
shōr*e*
shŏt
shō*ul*′dĕr
sĭck
sīd*e*
sī*gh*ed
sī*gh*t
sī′lent lў
sĭlks
sĭnç*e*
sīr
sĭt′tĭng
sĭxth
skāt*es*
skāt′ĭng
skĭrt
sle͞ek
slīd*e*
slŭm′bĕr
smärt′ĭng
smĕ*ll*
smīled
smōk*e*

snā*il*
snāk*es*
sne͞eze
snō*w*′drĭft
snō*w*′flāk*es*
snŭg
sō′fa
sŏl′ĭ tūdes
sȯn
sŏr′rō*w*
sŏr′rў
sound
so͝up
sō*w*n
spāç*e*
spād*es*
Spā*i*n
spĕc′kled
spĕnd
spī′dĕrs
spīt*e*
spōk*e*
spŏt
spŏt′tĕd
sprăng
sprĭn′kled
spў
squâr*e*
stâ*ir*s

stär′rў
stärt′ĕd
stā′tiȯn
(sh)
stē*a*l
ste͞er
stĕp*p*ed
stĕrn
stĭ*ff*
stĭr*r*ed
stōl′*e*n
sto͞od
sto͞oped
stŏp*p*ed
stōr*e*
stō′rĭes
stôrm
stōv*e*
strā*igh*t
stra͝w
strā*y*
strīp′ĕd
strōk′ĭng
strŭck
sŭb′wā*y*
sŭd′dĕn lў
sŭf′fĕred
sŭn′nў
sŭn′shīn*e*

sŭp′pĕr
sŭp pō͝se′
su͝re
(sh)
swe͞et
swe͞et′ĕst
swĕ*ll*ed
swĭng
swŭng

tā′bles
tăg
ta͝l*l*′ĕst
tăn′gled
tär
tāst*es*
tē*a*ch
te͞eth
tĕm′pĕr
tĕnt
tĕr′rĭ bl*e*
thăn′kf*u*l
Thăn′ks′gĭv ĭng
the͞e
thĕm sĕlves′
thē͝s*e*
thĭck
th*i*ēf
thĭn

thīrd
thō*ugh*
thô*ught*
thrĕ*ad*
threw
(u)
thrō*at*
thrō*wn*
thŭmp
thȳ
tĭc′kled
tīed
tĭ*ll*
tĭm′bĕr
tĭn
tō*ad*
tōe͟s
tōld
tŏm′a hą*w*k
to-mŏr′rō*w*
tŏn*gue*
to-nī*ght*′
tŏ*ss*ed
toŭch
tow′ĕr
town
trăck
trā*in*
trăp

trĕ*ach*′ĕr *o*ŭs
trĕm′blĭng
trĭcks
trŏd′d*e*n
troŭ′ble
trŭmp′ĕt
trŭn̲k
tru̇th
tŭb
tŭg*ged*
tŭm′blĭng
tūn*e*
tŭn′nĕl
tûr′nĭp
twĕn′tȳ
twĭgs̲
twĭst′ĕd

ŭg′lȳ
ŭn̲′cle͟s
ŭn dĕr stănd′
ŭn dĕr sto͝od′
ŭn ē*a*s̲′ȳ
ŭn hăp′pȳ
ŭn tī′dȳ
ūse′fu̇l

vå cā′tiȯn
vā*i*n (sh)

vĕs′sĕl
voiçe
voy′ȧġe

wăg′ȯn
wā*i*t′ĕd
wāke
wa̤ll
wa̤nts
wa̤shed
wāv′ĭng
wē*a*k
wĕ*a*th′ĕr
wĕb
wē͞e
wē͞ek
wĕl′c*o*me
wha̤rf
whīle
whĭs′*t*led
wh*o*̤m
wh*o*̤s̲e
wīde
wīld
wĭn′dō*w*
wĭnged
wĭth′ĕred
wōke
wo̤lf

wom′ĕn
(ĭ)
wōn’t
wo͝od′cŭt tĕr
wo͝od′*e*n
wo͝od′ma̤n
wo͝ol
word
(û)
work′ma̤n
(û)
world
(û)
worm
(û)
wors*e*
(û)
wor′shĭp
(û)
worth
(û)
wōv*e*
*w*răp
*w*răp*p*ed
*w*rĭn̲′kled
*w*rĭt′*t*en
*w*rŏng
*w*rōte

yärd
ya̤*w*ned
yo͝ung
yo͝ur sĕlf′

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